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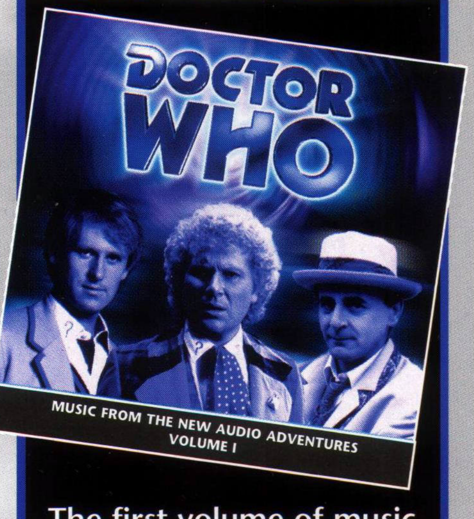

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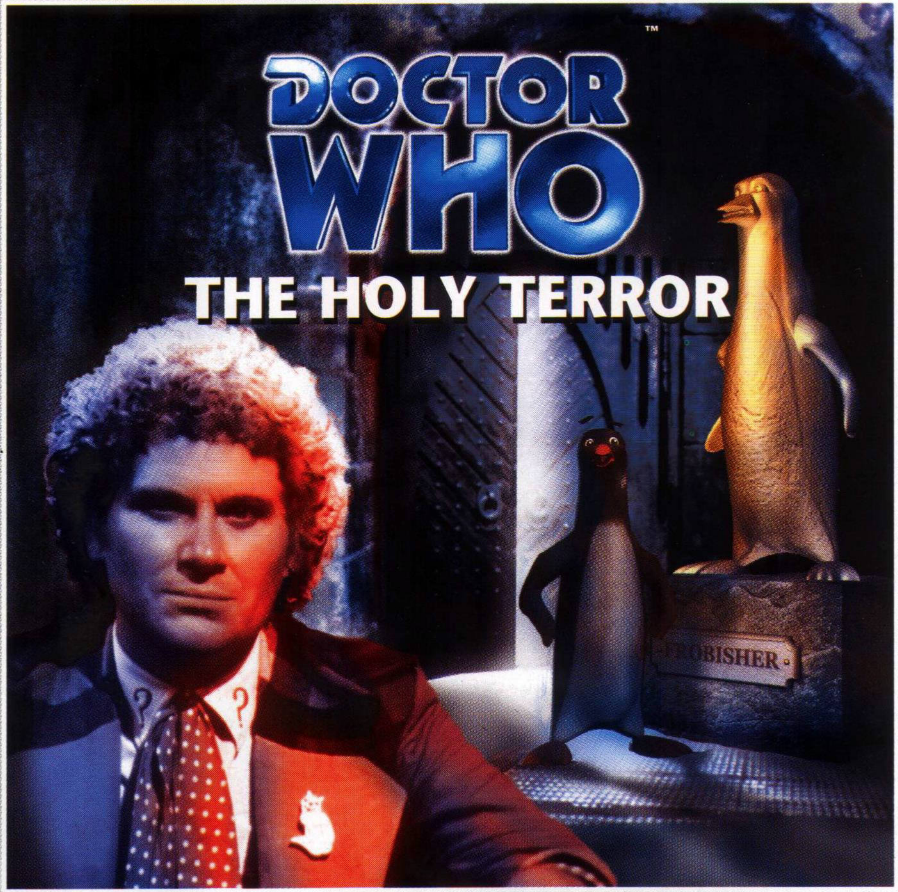

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DWM 298

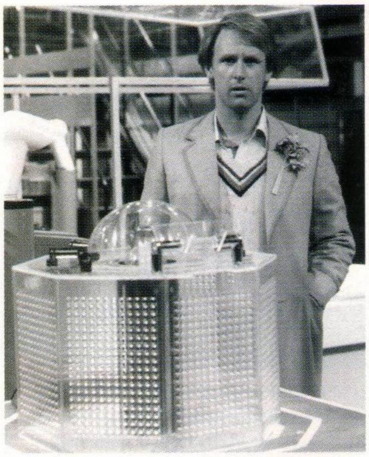
‘I’ve had enough of this drivel!’

FEATURES

8 COVER STORY

Kate O’Mara

She swapped *Dynasty*’s glitz for a two weeks in a damp quarry with Sylvester McCoy – and now she shows her devotion to the evil Rani once again, recreating the role in a new audio adventure! **DWM** talks exclusively to an international star with a burning desire to boldly go . . .



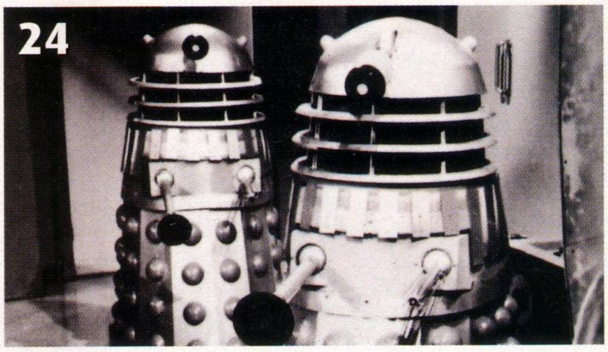
26 What’s going on here, then?

The plot thickens in our series examining *Doctor Who*’s structure. It’s Part Two – cue a thoughtful look from the Doctor, a musical sting and an awful lot of running along corridors . . .

46 Thorny problems

Trapped wind? Bad breath? Auntie been shrunk by an evil, bearded megalomaniac? Just one dose of telling life lessons drawn from the back end of the Fourth Doctor years should see you well on the way to recovery!

24



REGULARS

4 **Gallifrey Guardian**
6 **Timelines**
14 **Coming up** The Holy Terror
16 **The DWM Archive** Black Orchid
24 **The Time Team**
The Power of the Daleks 3 to The Highlanders 4
32 **Comic strip** The Autonomy Bug 2
41 **Shelf Life**
50 **It’s the end, but . . .**

Gallifrey Guardian

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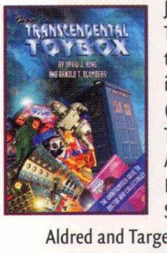
Attached to this issue of **DWM** is the first of two exclusive trading cards – part of a brand new series from Strictly Ink Limited. Available from December, the deluxe set will be collected in a limited edition of 6,000 boxes of 120 cards, each of which will contain two cards autographed by one of 18 *Doctor Who* stars. More next month, and at: *www.strictlyink.com*

Birthday bash at Stamp Centre



Doctor Who's 37th birthday on 23 November sees the launch of *Howe's Transcendental Toybox*, the first-ever guide to *Doctor Who* collectables, at the Stamp Centre, 79 the Strand, London. Authors David J Howe and Arnold T Blumberg will be there from 10.30 in the company of (work permitting) Tom Baker, Carole Ann Ford, Frazer Hines, Elisabeth Sladen, Sophie Aldred and Target Books jacket artist Chris Achilleos, who'll be signing the Stamp Centre's latest covers. For more information, or to order or reserve copies of the new covers, call 0800 975 4581. Website: *www.stamp-centre.co.uk*

Overseas events

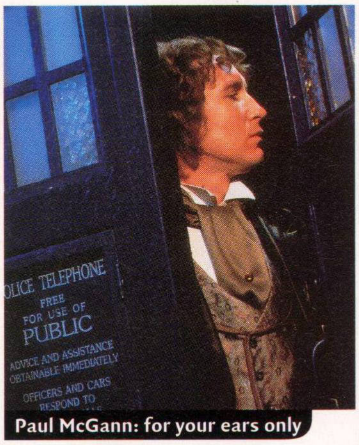
Doctor Who devotees on America's West Coast will doubtless be headed to the annual Gallifrey event, at the Airtel Plaza Hotel, Los Angeles over the weekend of 23 to 25 February 2001. Subject to commitments, guests include Mark Strickson, Sarah Sutton and Bonnie Langford. For further details, visit: *www.gallifreyone.com*. A week earlier, over 16-18 February, the *Doctor Who* Club of Australia will be hosting their Whovention; guest of honour is Colin Baker. Details: *www.dwca.org.au/whovention/2001*

Coming in DWM 299

It's time to decide when to visit the Doctor's home planet in Part Two of our *Rough Guide to Gallifrey!* Plus: Simon Williams and George Sewell on the making of *Remembrance of the Daleks*; Elisabeth Sladen revisits Irongron's castle; Target Books; the conclusion of *The Autonomy Bug*; the Watcher's Christmas Quiz; and much more, including news of our jaw-droppingly exciting 300th issue! With a second free trading card, **DWM** 299 is on sale at WH Smiths and all good newsagents from 14 December!

David Arnold reworks Ron Grainer for audio adventures

007 composer records new Eighth Doctor theme!



Paul McGann: for your ears only

The new range of Paul McGann *Doctor Who* audios from Big Finish will boast a distinctive new sound, courtesy of celebrated film and TV composer David Arnold. A self-confessed fan of Ron Grainer's classic theme, Arnold has delivered a brand new version of the *Doctor Who* signature tune with a modern sound, albeit faithful to the 'feel' of the original.

Currently in huge demand, Arnold has worked on many blockbuster Hollywood films, providing scores for *Shaft Returns*, *Independence Day* and *Stargate*, as well as providing a new theme for the BBC's recent revival of *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*. But it is for his work on James Bond that Arnold is best known, scoring the two most recent James Bond outings, *Tomorrow Never Dies* and *The World is Not Enough* on top of a best-selling album of 007 re-recordings, *Shaken Not Stirred*. He is also a familiar face in the British charts, having worked alongside bands such as Garbage, The Propellerheads and The Cardigans.

Big Finish was put in touch with the composer by *Doctor Who* author and *League of Gentlemen* star Mark Gatiss, who had approached Arnold with the idea and been met with an enthusiastic response. Shortly afterwards, co-producer Gary Russell, himself a huge fan of Arnold's, interviewed the musician for the magazine *Mojo* in an article delving (oddly enough) into Arnold's favourite televison themes. After the interview – in which Arnold praised Delia Derbyshire's version of Grainer's *Doctor Who* theme as "genius" and "a phenomenal piece of sound design" – Russell was able to discuss the reworking further, with Arnold insisting that he didn't want to move too far away from "all those noises and oscillators . . . sounds you'd never heard before".

Work was completed on the revamp in mid-October, with Russell decribing the finished result as "fantastic". Arnold's eagerly-awaited theme will make its debut on *Storm Warning*, the first of the Eighth Doctor audio adventures, released in January 2001.

BF put JNT on CD!

Big Finish has also announced the release of *The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs*, two double CD sets in which the former *Doctor Who* producer talks candidly about his time on the show, from his earliest work with Patrick Troughton through attaining the producership in 1981, to the programme's cancellation after Season 26. Promising an eye-opening look behind the scenes at some of *Doctor Who*'s most troubled times, *The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs* will be released in November.

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

Compiled by Dominic May

Television On 18 October, **Tom Baker** (as Simkins) and **Louise Jameson** (as a Horsewoman and a Falcon) provided voices for the finale of BBC2's animated version of *The Canterbury Tales*. *The King's Demons* director **Tony Virgo** has been appointed head of drama at Australian public service broadcaster ABC. The credits of Channel 5's *Family Affairs* are becoming littered with *Doctor Who* writers: recent episodes have been by **Stephen Wyatt**, **Rebecca Levene** and **Justin Richards**.

Film Disney recently put the big-screen version of **Douglas Adams**' *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* into turnaround, meaning work has stopped. However, director Jay Roach is searching for a way to get it made: "It's quirky and expensive and it's hard to sell. It's a risk, but Austin Powers was rejected at every studio before New Line took it."

Miscellaneous Congratulations to **Bonnie Langford** on the birth of a 7lb 11oz baby girl on Thursday 19 October.

Obituaries Costume designer **Daphne Dare**, one of the most influential people to have worked on *Doctor Who* during its early years, died on 27 September aged 71. Dare's designs could be seen in almost every story between the first Dalek serial and *The Faceless Ones*. Finally, *Terminus* director **Mary Ridge** passed away late in September.

Win a comet!

DOCTOR WHO
LIMITED EDITION

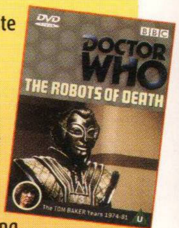
Sinister silver scamps the Cybermen are celebrated by BBC Video this month in a special box set containing their very first story, *The Tenth Planet* (with a reconstructed Episode Four) and the 1985 Colin Baker action-fest *Attack of the Cybermen*. Housed in a stunning silver tin, we've got five copies of this Cyber-collector's item to give away to readers who can answer the following simple question:

Which race were the original inhabitants of Telos?

Is it: [a] Cryons; [b] Lions; or [c] Irons?

Send your answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked THE SOUR, RANK ODOUR OF DEATH to the editorial address by 15 December, if you would.

Win robophobia!



Out now on DVD is everyone's favourite claustrophobic, ore-obsessed murder-mystery adventure *The Robots of Death*. Digitally remastered and with a shedload of extras, this is one shiny disc that no self-respecting collector should be without. We've got five copies on offer to readers who can answer the following:

Which precious mineral is Storm Mine Four built to extract?

Is it: [a] Lucanol; [b] Lucozade; or [c] Look here, this is getting silly . . . ?

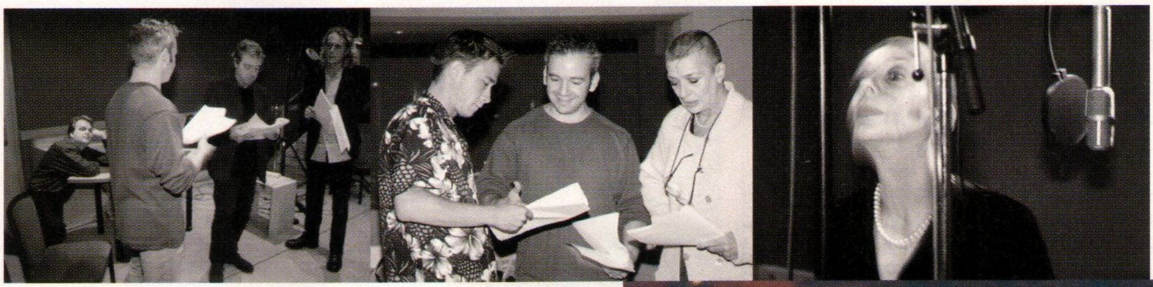
Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked WELL SQUEAKED, MOUSE to reach to the editorial address by 15 December, dears.

Pilot ready for take-off!

Exclusive to DWM! Script editor Nev Fountain takes us through the recording of *Death Comes to Time*, the try-out episode commissioned by Radio 4 ahead of a possible new lease of life for broadcast *Doctor Who* – an episode containing a galaxy of big-name stars . . .

Who was it said that 'if' was the most powerful word in the Universe? Well, 'if' you visited the BBC Shop in Broadcasting House on 7 July, and 'if' you're the type of person who makes a bee-line for the basement to cast an eye over the *Doctor Who* videos and books – well, about three metres under your feet something terribly exciting was happening: the recording of a radio pilot, reference number 00LZ1131LFO.

'If' you were outside studio B9 on that day, and saw Stephen Fry, Kevin Eldon and *EastEnders*' Leonard Fenton attending the first recording day of said radio drama (and indeed, 'if' you knew that John Sessions and Jacqueline Pearce were attending the second day), you'd be forgiven for assuming that this was some weighty Radio 4 drama; something about a woman getting in touch with her 'inner child', perhaps. It's only when Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred materialise on the scene that the words *Doctor Who* might float across your consciousness . . .



In studio: producer Dan Freedman [left] briefs his actors, including John Sessions [centre]; with erstwhile Servalan/ Chessene Jacqueline Pearce; Jacqueline on the mic. Photos © Ian Nolan

This all started several months ago. 'If' I hadn't said to producer Dan Freedman that I was willing to help out on his new project, he almost certainly wouldn't have burst into my office with his reformed-axe-murderer grin to say, "How would you like to be my script editor?"

Dan had received an outline for a *Doctor Who* radio story called *Death Comes to Time* from New Zealand writer Colin Meek. Even though he wasn't a big *Doctor Who* fan himself, Dan was excited about what he'd read, and wouldn't shut up about it until the powers-that-be at Radio 4 gave in and gave him the go-ahead to make a pilot.

I was working in Radio Light Entertainment as writer and script editor on the sketch show *Dead Ringers* when I heard about Dan's little project – and so I 'came out of the Police Box' to admit to Dan that I was a huge fan, volunteering my services as a continuity consultant. Dan showed me the first draft eagerly – and, as we talked about it, we gradually realised that the script would need a lot more input than just having someone on hand to make sure that the Doctor didn't snog Ace, and that 'TARDIS' was spelled correctly.

A "dark new vision" faces the Seventh Doctor and Ace . . .

Colin didn't just present us with a story in the mould of the Barry Letts/Jon Pertwee adventures made a few years ago. He offered up a whole concept of where the programme should go on the radio – an ambitious, darker vision. The only problem was, he'd only been commissioned to write the first episode!

I'd done a lot of script-editing before, mainly in radio comedy – but editing a story of which only the first episode was to be completed, a *Doctor Who* story written by a man who didn't really know *Doctor Who* very well, whom I'd never met before and who lived half-way round the world, was a new experience. Radio script editing is different to TV. You can't just 'do a *Brain of Morbius*' on someone's script; the project belongs to the writer and the producer too. It's a process of negotiation, where you suggest ways of making the story better; some are taken, some are discarded. Dan and I were aware this pilot episode would be all-important when it came to convincing Radio 4 to commission a full series – so producer, script editor and writer all started sculpting away at this first instalment, only going into the studio when all three of us were happy.

I'm willing to bet that, even if there hadn't been so much care taken over the script, we would have still got the impressive cast which assembled in studio B9. It's a testament to the enduring popularity of *Doctor Who* that so many high-profile actors were eager to get involved; none of them needed asking twice, whatever part was offered. Jacqueline Pearce, for example, was very happy to take part, despite having the radio equivalent of a 'blink-and-you-miss-it' role.

Another example is Jon Culshaw, whom you might know from his terribly entertaining spoof phone calls on *Dead Ringers*, in which he rings up DIY shops in the guise of Doctor Who and asks for sonic screwdrivers [see **DWM** 295]. While working on *Dead Ringers*, I heard this uncanny impression of Tom Baker talking about 'magnetic core extractors' and 'the Eye of Harmony' and immediately thought, 'This man is a *Doctor Who* fan – he knows too much!" I suggested Jon's name to the producer, Sylvester McCoy came up with a novel idea to utilise Jon's talents for mimicry . . . and so Jon, on the verge of a huge TV career, ends up hanging around a chilly studio on radio wages with a stupid grin on his face, saying: "I can't believe it! I'm in *Doctor Who*!"

After two days in the studio, it was left to Dan and sound engineer Jon Taylor to take it away for post-production. I've already said that Colin had a vision for the *Doctor Who* story – but Dan and Jon had an equally clear notion of the *Doctor Who* sound, both wanting to create a huge, movie-style experience with a big music score. As I write this, I've just received the finished version on CD and, listening to the episode, I think they've certainly achieved it. It's difficult to be objective about something you've been so involved with over the last few months, but I think it's good. Very good. When I heard *Death Comes to Time*, I got that same feeling I had when watching the first episode of *The Leisure Hive*; it's *Doctor Who*, both like and yet so unlike what has gone before.

But what are our chances for a series? I hear that new BBC Director-General Greg Dyke is a big fan of *Doctor Who*, so 'if' we can convince the commissioning editors that having a radio series to complement the mooted film could be part of his 'populist agenda'; 'if' we can convince them that science fiction on the radio might be a nice change from plays about women getting in touch with their inner child; and 'if' of course, they like what we've done to *Doctor Who*, we could be in with a chance.

Who was it that said 'if' was the most powerful word in the Universe . . ?

DWM will continue to chart further developments.

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The Rani returns – with evil on her mind! Kate O'Mara talks Tetraps inside!

We're always terribly *proud* when *Doctor Who* wins prizes, brandishing each and every award won by the show like adoring mothers giving prime mantel space to 1985 Under-Tens 50 Metres Breaststroke Champion (Northants Region) cups. Be it the 'Best Drama' trophy won in the BBC's icksomely self-congratulatory 'Auntie awards' circus of 1996, the 'Best Actor' Eric granted to Peter Davison by *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop*, or the 1974 Writers' Guild gong doled out in recognition of the Brechtian grandeur of *The Monster of Peladon*'s script – we're there, holding up these perspex plaques as proof positive that *Doctor Who* is the single greatest cultural artefact made by humankind. In a funny way, it's personal; like each and every fan has been given the rosette too. '*Doctor Who* is *officially* the best thing in the world in space,' it reads. '*This* proves it. And no, I'm *not* mad. I have a certificate. So *nyerr*.'

A couple of months ago, the news that *Doctor Who* had won third place in a British Film Institute poll of media professionals to nominate the 100 Greatest TV Programmes of All Time was met with slack-jawed incredulity in the press – and, just as predictably, with scarf-waving triumphalism by fans. Yes, it's obviously remarkable that TV industry types have such a well of respect for and interest in *Doctor Who*, but it doesn't actually *mean* anything. The plethora of cheap 'Best and Worst of' nostalgia nights which BBC2 and Channel 4 have become so reliant on throw up all sorts of spurious statistics; just recently, the smarmy Richard Madeley's turn as Ali G on a morning show at the turn of the year was trumpeted as the Worst Moment on TV Ever. It wasn't; it was the Worst Moment on TV Ever as Could Be Spontaneously Recalled By a Particular Demographic on a Wet Wednesday in May 2000. But they couldn't fit all that on the base of a bit of plastic sprayed gold.

We're always terribly proud when *Doctor Who* wins polls and prizes. Why?

And another thing (blimey, you can tell I've been at the grumpy pills this month): a few weeks ago, the BBC hosted (sigh) *another* icksomely self-congratulatory primetime rally, this time in honour of TV Centre itself. Rightly, a clip from *Who* was shown – but the snippet chosen was the "pathetic bunch of tin soldiers" speech from *Revenge of the Cybermen*. It got a laugh; that was the point. But as you'll notice in *Timelines* opposite, and as I've observed lurking on an Internet newsgroup or two, it got some danders up. If you're going to pick a clip from Season 12, why that, and not the "homo sapiens" bit from *The Ark in Space*, or any of the cod-Nietszchean speeches from *Genesis of the Daleks*? Why not something *serious*?

Well, 'serious' isn't what we want to be all the time. This issue, we continue Gareth Roberts' incredibly popular series of frivolous morals drawn from *Doctor Who* stories; why is it fans are allowed to have a good old laugh at *Doctor Who*, but no-one else? Surely the BFI award was in honour of *all* of *Doctor Who* – the good, the bad and the frankly terrible? It wasn't just a vote for Part Three of *the Deadly Assassin* – it was for *The Underwater Menace*, too. It was a vote for variety, for an approach to TV all-but-extinct; for Basil Brush, *Life on Earth* and *When the Boat Comes In* as well – certainly not crass Top Tens on a Saturday night.

So this fan, at least, accepts the BFI's verdict on behalf of old-fashioned entertainment – not just *Doctor Who*, not just *himself*.

Editor Alan Barnes
Assistant Editor Clayton Hickman
Design Peri Godbold

Production Mark Irvine
Managing Editor Alan O'Keefe
Managing Director Miles Stevens-Hoare

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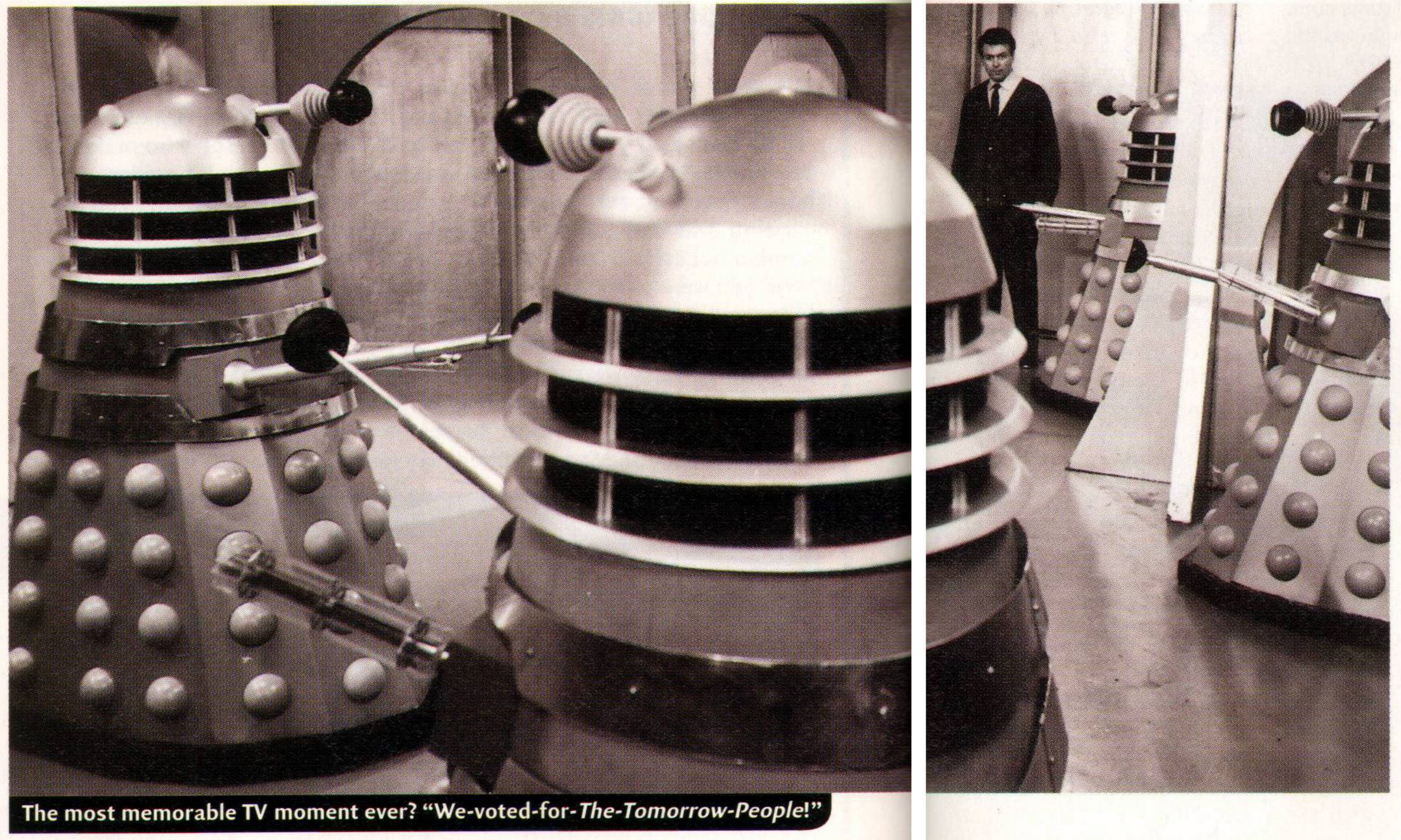
Timelines

Compiled by Clayton Hickman

Send your letters to: Timelines, DWM, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at dwm@panini.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line, and don't forget to include your full name and address. No subscription or other enquiries by e-mail, please.



The most memorable TV moment ever? "We-voted-for-*The-Tomorrow-People*!"

GOING FOR . . . BRONZE

Now that we're the official magazine of the British Film Institute's third-best TV show of all time (ah, but you don't see a *Fawlty Towers Monthly* or a *Cathy Come Home Comic*, do you?), perhaps we should take a moment to reflect on the love and fondness the public still has for good old *Doctor Who*. Shouldn't we?

Well, well, well! So *Doctor Who* comes third in the BFI's poll of the hundred greatest television shows ever and people start moaning that this 'tatty kids' show' didn't deserve such a placing in the annals of TV history. Well excuse me, but this 'tatty kids' show' is both the BBC's biggest drama export of all time, and its most profitable merchandising vehicle (books, games, comics, magazines, videos and now DVDS), and has been for nigh-on 40 years.

It even won the BBC's Best Drama award in 1996 (when, predictably, people claimed that it wasn't fair that this wobbly-walled space series should be the victor) and the first appearance of the Daleks was voted one of TV's most memorable moments (despite critics screaming that it wasn't and it shouldn't have been named as such). And, oh, how they wailed when those self-same pepperpots, representing a certain tacky time-travel travesty, were selected to appear on a Royal Mail stamp representing broadcasting in the 20th Century.

Obviously *Doctor Who* achieved all this through some huge mistake. No doubt everyone who's ever had the misfortune to see it, in any of the 79 countries worldwide that have broadcast it, let alone enjoy it or (heaven forbid!) vote for it in any number of polls, hadn't realised just how appalling and unworthy the series was.

Let's hope they've learned their lesson and vote for *EastEnders* and *Big Brother* next time round.

Brian Smith
Llanedeyrn, Cardiff

I agree with virtually everything that James Taylor said in his letter [*Timelines*, **DWM** 296] regarding the BBC's incomprehensible reluctance to make new *Doctor Who*, but James needs to remember which Corporation we're talking about here. This is the BBC, remember, who claim to be a 'quality public service broadcaster' but whose schedules are chock-full of cheap, indentikit gardening, DIY and holiday shows.

Added to this is the fact that 'Auntie' seems intent on perpetuating the myth that *Doctor Who* was a shoddy kids' programme, exemplified by the recent *Night of 1000 Shows* extravaganza. It might seem great that a clip of good old *Doctor Who* was lined up with other BBC greats like *I, Claudius* and *Elizabeth R*, until you discover which clip the BBC, in their infinite wisdom, chose. Tom's ethical dilemma from *Genesis of the Daleks*? No. Hartnell's haunting 'we are wanderers' speech from *100,000 BC*? No. Perhaps the Fifth Doctor sacrificing his life for a friend, then? No. What we got was camp-as-Christmas Cyberleader Christopher Robbie from bloody *Revenge of the Cybermen*. The audience duly wet themselves laughing.

Thanks, BBC. With friends like you . . .

Christopher Fox
Chelmsford, Essex

GLIB TONGUES

Tell me, is there no one writing *Doctor Who* fiction who takes it seriously any more? I'm starting to get heartily sick of all this 'winking-at-the-audience' nonsense, and it's about time it stopped!

Why does every single *Doctor Who* novel have to be flippant and disrespectful to both itself and its origins? I simply don't understand. Here's a perfect example, from *Interference: Book One*:

RASSILON: [scornful]: 'Bowships.' Whose idea was that, anyway?

The author takes an elegant term, crafted with care, and does his very best to undermine it. Oh, yes, 'bowships' – isn't that cute, isn't that quaint? No, it isn't, it's a very nice bit of writing, from someone who actually cared. This sort of thing happens all the time; wry, aren't-we-clever-and-aware-of-our-shortcomings humour. 'Glib' would be perhaps the best word.

It seems to me the only possible explanation for this behaviour is that these authors are all slightly ashamed of their little hobby. They've listened to people who make fun of *Doctor Who* fans for so long that they've begun to anticipate it and have as a result actually brought the mockery *into* their stories, as though a pre-emptive strike will make it go away. Why? What on Earth are you ashamed of?

Well, here's an idea. If you're really having that much of a problem with it, stop. The last thing *Doctor Who* needs is for its own creators to detract from it. The effect is that we end up with books that cannot bear to take themselves seriously, making it hard for the reader to care about what's going on.

I'm not talking about humour, it's perfectly possible to have humour in a serious story – in fact, it makes it more meaningful. I'm talking about treating the story and the whole concept of *Doctor Who* with respect. I'm just sick of these tongue-in-cheek authors. They seem, interestingly, to be the very people who refer to the older authors as 'melodramatic' . . . well, perhaps these older authors were simply trying to take the subject seriously?

I don't want to read *Doctor Who*, or anything for that matter, that seems so openly self-loathing. It harms the story, and it harms the way *Doctor Who* is viewed. If you can't curb the temptation to have a dig at the series, just stop writing. The *Doctor Who* universe will be better off.

Andy Teal
Carrollton, USA

RELIGIOUS FERVOUR

We've had quite a response to Jude Black's letter in **DWM** 296, alleging "anti-religious sentiment" in our recent comic strip *The Glorious Dead*.

Surely it's impossible for a writer or artist to produce anything without some of, as Jude Black put it, 'their political and social agendas/ideologies' coming through? In any case, *Doctor Who* is (like the TARDIS) transdimensional, with room for all opinions and beliefs.

Like Jude, I have little time for "gratuitous sex and profanity", so I attempt to avoid them. However, I would never seek to prevent others from reading books where such material appears (my only caveat being 'adults only'). And as for the 'anti-religious sentiment' he intimates, can I point out that the line "servants of a false god" is spoken by a narrow-minded, sadly deluded dupe who has succumbed to the sin of despair. Hardly someone we, the audience, were meant to look up to or take seriously!

For myself, I found *The Glorious Dead*, especially Katsura and Kroton's redemption at the end, to be the most moving – not to say religious – thing I've read in years.

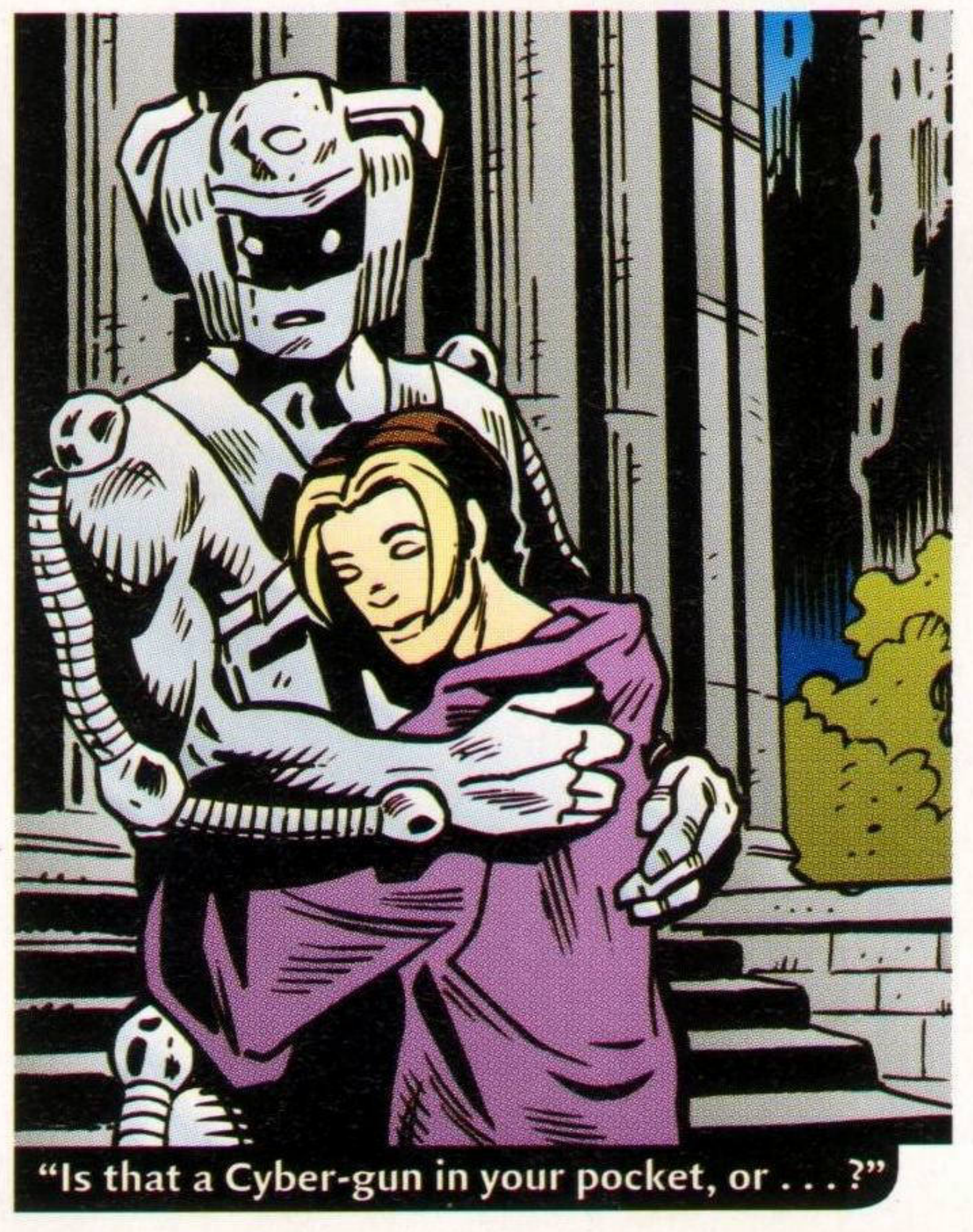
Gillian Moore
Maryport, Cumbria

Can I just point out to Jude Black that the term "servants of a false god" was the opinion of a *fictional* character, and one who had just orchestrated planet-wide genocide at that? He was a *villain*! They're supposed to say things like that! Nobody gets upset when the baddies describe the human race as 'insiginificant insects' or whatever, do they?

I myself am a practicing Christian and I can only echo Izzy's sentiments that *The Glorious Dead* has been 'epic'. Tying together plot strands from countless earlier strips and barely letting up the pace throughout its ten-month run.

Keep up the good work!

Michael Billinghurst
Maryport, Cumbria



"Is that a Cyber-gun in your pocket, or . . . ?"

CANON . . . AND ON

I don't know if anyone has noticed, but the Virgin *New Adventures* and the **DWM** comic strip are now considered official, canonical *Doctor Who* by the BBC!

Think about it. When the Big Finish audio dramas were first released, it was stated that these were 'official' new *Who*, just in audio rather than visual format. The next two released in the series, *Shadow of the Scourge* and *The Holy Terror* introduce Bernice Summerfield and Frobisher into the realm of actual, honest-to-goodness canon *Who*.

My only regret is that Sam Jones and company from the McGann novels aren't to be included in Big Finish's forthcoming Eighth Doctor range. Still, since Evelyn Smythe is set to star in a BBC novel, I feel it's safe to assume that this ruling of canon also applies to the BBC books.

Well, that should have once-and-for-all sorted out the debate over what is – and isn't – canonical *Doctor Who*. Now if only Big Finish would get round to adapting *The Tides of Time* as a Fifth Doctor audio drama, I'd be a really happy man!

Jessie R Loflin
Thomasville, USA

Canon? Sorted? That'll be the day! What about John and Gillian, in the light of *Conundrum*? Or Olla the Heat Vampire? Or Gareth Jenkins?

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Let's wrap up this month's missives with a short message following on from *Shelf Life*'s review of *Casualties of War* . . .

Today I bought **DWM** 296.

I just died and went to heaven. And there I met an angel called Vanessa Bishop!

Thank you so much.

Steve Emmerson
via e-mail

RETURN OF THE SEQUELS [II]

It's the end . . . but the moment has been prepared for. Yes, shed a tear as we wave goodbye to our long-lingering list of hilarious *Doctor Who* prequels/sequels. Mainly because we're sick to the back teeth of them.

Anyway, the first two of the final three come from **Pete Lambert** who suggests both a Davison prequel and a Hartnell sequel: *A Good Fortnight to Doomsday* and *100,001 BC* respectively.

Yes, well. The last one's a goodie in any case, and was sent to us by **Andrew Knight**. He suggests a sequel to *Genesis of the Daleks* which would be even bleaker than the original. Put your hands together, please, for *Phil Collins' Solo Career of the Daleks*.

And that's your lot. Any further entries will be destroyed. Unless they're *very* funny.

In order to cheer you all up after the loss of such a much-running long-loved favourite, how about a picture of 13 year-old **James Mann** of Bedford dressed up as a Cyberman?

Well, it worked for us.

Sexual chemistry

She's the glam queen who turned mice into monsters and men into trees, drained Einstein's brain, made the Master her lackey and stole the Queen Vic – and all in the name of science! Kate O'Mara tells Benjamin Cook why it's time that the Rani returned . . .

"I'm often cast as tough ladies," says the every-bit-as-glamorous-as-you'd-imagine Kate O'Mara, "but the Rani is tougher than most. I can take her that one step further. Tough ladies usually have vulnerable sides to them – but if one eradicates that vulnerability, you're left with somebody like the Rani. She's ruthless! That's what I like about her – her total lack of sentimentality."

In a not-inconsiderable casting coup for spin-off producers BBV, Kate has agreed to reprise her *Doctor Who* role as the evil Rani – renegade Time Lady and brilliant biochemist – in a brand new audio drama by the character's creators, Pip and Jane Baker. So, on Wednesday 20 September I find myself sat in a studio at Somerset's Orchard FM listening to Kate trounce an alien Tetrap for using her laboratory as a walkway. BBV stalwart Patricia Merrick is exercising her vocal chords by screaming blue murder, whilst Anthony Keetch and Edward Cory act suitably bat-like – grunting and groaning into their microphones. Orchard FM must be wondering what they've let themselves in for.

> 'The Rani was quite a trailblazer in her way – a woman fulfilling a role normally reserved for men'

We are, in fact, ten minutes into the recording of BBV's latest *Doctor Who*-flavoured audio drama, *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind* – and there's not a plastic tree or a parasitic worm in sight! Kate is on excellent form; tongue locked firmly in cheek, she suggests performing her lines in a Brummie accent – which would, apparently make the Rani sound less intimidating . . . but far, far scarier. Following murmurs of approval from Edward and Brian, Kate's proposal is seriously considered for, ooh, seconds.

Half-an-hour later, she is allowed to take a breather from quarrelling with Tetraps and hanging upside-down. With the rest of the cast busy recording scenes for which Kate is not required, I take the opportunity to ask the actress about her acclaimed portrayal of the Rani . . .

Photos: BBC [3] BBC Video [6] BBV [2]

Dimensions in Time: the Rani and her TARDIS

Kate is probably best known for playing 'bitch' characters in top-rated TV shows such as *The Brothers*, *Dynasty* and *Howard's Way*. "I've had some wonderful parts," she admits. "I've been very fortunate. My favourite roles have been on the stage – in *Antony and Cleopatra*, for example, and appearing in the Chichester Festival Theatre season. Just 18 months ago, I did a wonderful play at the Salisbury Playhouse, playing Madame Alexandra in *Colimbe*. That was one of the best parts of my career. And you know what they say? An actress is only as good as her parts. A few of mine have been potboilers, but you learn to take the rough with the smooth."

Kate made a name for herself on television in the 1970s feuding-family drama series, *The Brothers*. "That was an enormous break for me. *The Brothers* transported me into the public eye and got me known for playing tough businesslike women. *Dynasty* then made me an international star. My first movie break was a film with Peter O'Toole called *Great Catherine*, so that got me onto the movie scene. Those early films and television series also established my slightly glamorous image. So the highlights of my career are usually my big breaks – although I don't discount *Doctor Who* as a highlight. As you know, I do a lot of touring in the theatre and there are always *Doctor Who* fans waiting for me outside the stage door. They absolutely adore *Doctor Who* and so they come to see me. They're so loyal. It's really lovely."

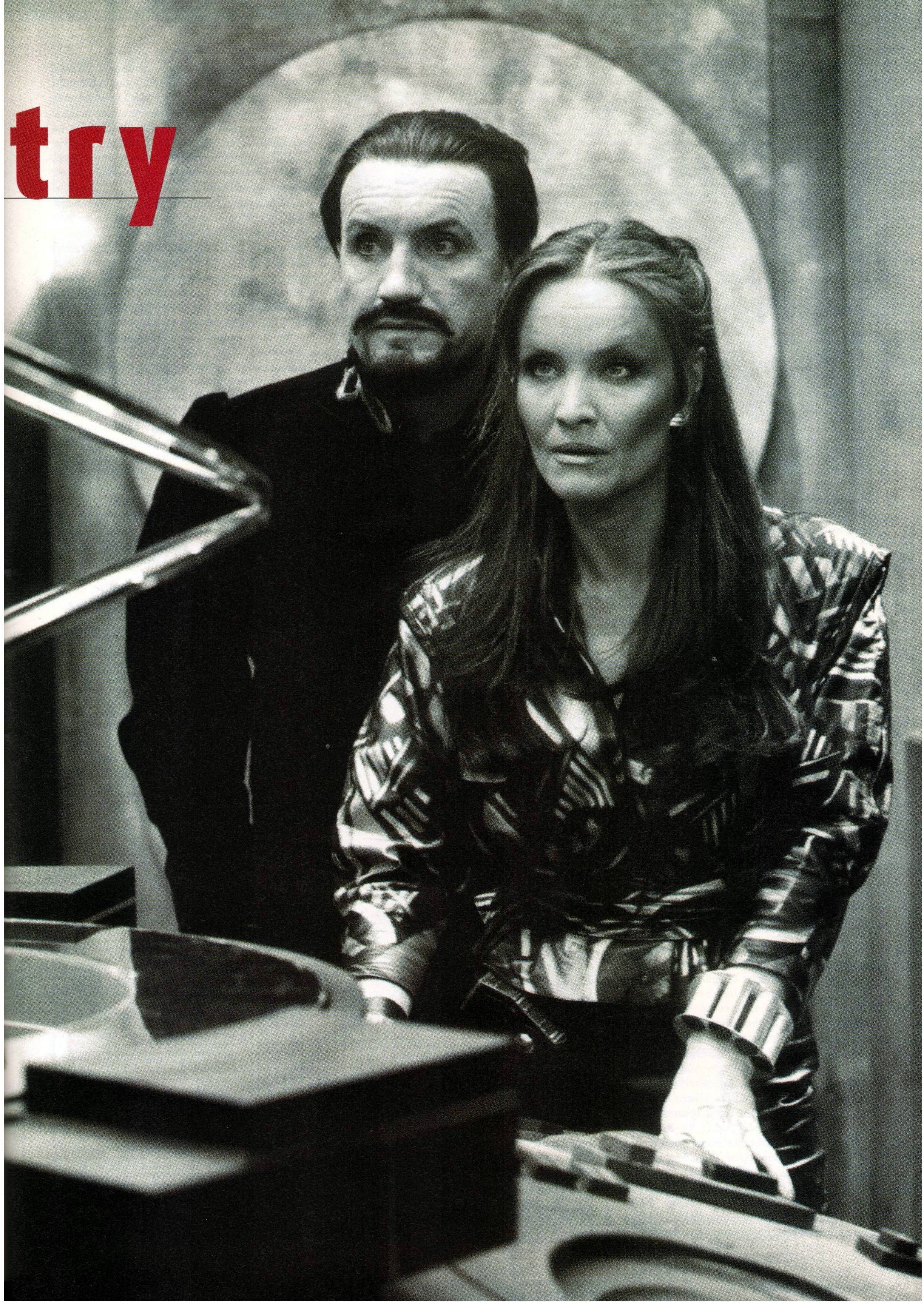
So how did Kate get involved with BBV? "Well, somebody asked me if I'd like to resurrect the Rani and I thought, 'Hey, why not? I'd love to do it, quite frankly!' I mean, I'd enjoyed playing the Rani on television – although I've changed a fair bit since then. Every time one does a job, one gains some experience and becomes, one hopes, a better actress. I've probably mellowed over the years and so I've had to be very careful not to allow too much of that mellowness to creep into my performance! The Rani is, first and foremost, a scientist and so she does not, I believe, allow emotions to get in the way. Emotions are alien to her – except, perhaps, 'anger' and 'intolerance'. The Rani thrives upon those sorts of emotions."

Kate is particularly impressed with Pip and Jane's script. "I like their work very much," she says. "It's so vibrant! Pip and Jane have terrific imaginations and they've managed to use some really clever analogies – which, as a vegetarian, I find particularly interesting. You see, although the Rani appears to have absolutely no moral standards, she can quite justifiably point out to human beings that, in actual fact, neither do they. The Rani considers all other species as vastly inferior . . . but just look at the way we humans behave! How dare we criticise her! We have fewer scruples than she has. I find that very amusing – and apposite for these times."

Kate admits to having been surprised to find that *Doctor Who* works on audio. "It's amazing! Pip and Jane's script describes everything so efficiently – you can visualise scenes just by listening to them. The Tetraps, for example, are described so graphically! They just jump off the page at you. Your imagination takes over and anything's possible. One of my favourite programmes when I was very young was a radio show called *Journey Into Space*. I absolutely adored it! It was set on various planets throughout the galaxy and your imagination just ran riot. I think *Doctor Who* would make a very good radio series.

"I rarely watch the television at all these days – I only ever listen to the radio. Television is so exorbitant. I mean, every time I try to turn on the news, I can't find it anywhere. Where has all the news gone? I end up seeing something quite gross and having to turn it off. I sometimes wonder why I bother paying for a television licence. I mean, I never watch the bloody thing! The quality of radio is far superior and so I listen to it all the time. That's why I'm enjoying today's recording . . ."

So, can we look forward to further Rani-based audio adventures? "Absolutely! I think these audios are fantastic, I really do. I think BBV should go for it and do as many as they like. I'm sure that there's a market for them and I think that they should exploit that market. We all love fantasising our imaginations, don't we? People crave this sort of entertainment. And why not? I mean, the stuff on television – and this is why I don't watch it anymore – is far too gritty and in-your-face. All we ever seem to get these days are 'real-life' dramas. I mean, come on! We get enough of that on the news – when we can find it!



Bring me sunshine: Kate on *The Morecambe and Wise Show*

What we need is a bit of escapism, a bit of 'romance'. *Doctor Who* isn't really romance, I suppose, but it is escapist and it does have morals. I think that's very important in these amoral times.

"The strange thing about *Doctor Who*," considers Kate, "is that it's been following me around for a very long time. I was first asked to appear in the show back in 1970, believe it or not, by a [prolific *Doctor Who*] director called Douglas Camfield – who is sadly no longer with us. I liked Douglas very much. I'd worked with him on something else for the BBC and he admired my work, so he asked me to do some episodes of *Doctor Who*. Unfortunately, I was contracted to do some films up at Elstree – for the Hammer people, no less – and they completely clashed with the *Doctor Who* series. I wasn't able to do them both, so I had to opt for the two Hammer films instead. Jon Pertwee was the Doctor at that time, wasn't he? I knew Jon very well because our sons used to go to the same school. It would have been nice to work with him on *Doctor Who*. What a pity."

She was, however, eventually cast in 1985's *The Mark of the Rani*. Was it worth the wait? "Oh, yes! It was one of the first stories to feature a female Time Lord! I mean, the Rani was quite a trailblazer in her own way. She was a woman fulfilling a role normally reserved for men." I suggest that, up until then, most female characters in *Doctor Who* were only there to run down corridors, scream rather a lot and then get rescued by the Doctor. "Exactly! And they were always very beautiful and seductive, weren't they? Men were in danger of falling madly in love with them – but there's no danger of anyone falling in love with the Rani! She's completely lacking in any sort of appeal to the opposite sex. It's a very good role to play from that point of view."

The majority of the story's location work was filmed at the Blists Hill Open Air Museum at Ironbridge in Shropshire. "For some reason, the weather on location shoots is always dreadful," laughs Kate. "Dark, dismal and splattering with rain. The story was set during the Industrial Revolution, which I thought was a terribly good idea. That sort of thing appeals to me enormously – I find historical dramas very engaging. *The Mark of the Rani* had aspects of both the future and the past, so it was a double attraction in that respect.

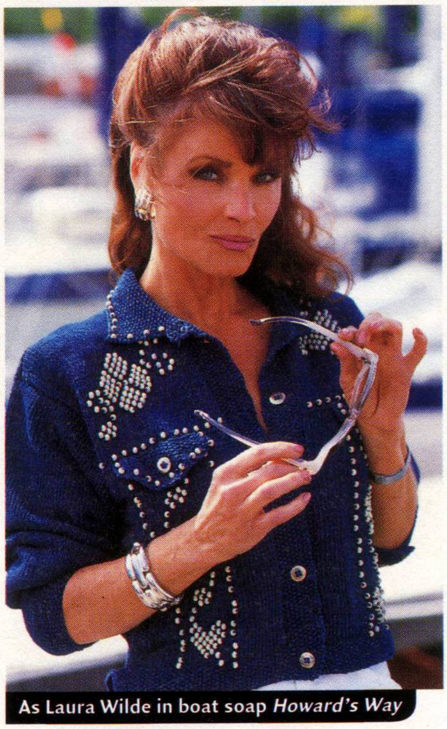
"But the thing I remember most forcefully about filming was having to dress up as a 90 year-old woman." The 'old crone'? "That's right! The Rani disguises herself as an old crone to lure young male victims into her laboratory. Those were some of the first scenes we filmed and I was made to look as old as possible." Surprisingly, Kate wasn't required to wear a mask or prosthetics; the disguise was achieved with pale foundation and old-age stipple. "I was also bundled in shawls and skirts and made to look bigger than I actually was," she explains. "I had a grey hairpiece on and a dreary shawl around my head.

"So after being made up as this 90 year-old woman, I arrived on set – and really fancied a cup of tea. It was early in the morning, I was freezing cold and so I needed something to warm me up. But you know the most extraordinary thing? I was completely ignored! Nobody would look twice at me! Can you believe it? I had to stand in the queue with everybody else. Nobody offered me a seat. Nobody offered me a drink. Nobody offered me anything. I was just pushed to one side. The disguise obviously worked, but I was appalled to see how society treats ugly, old women. It was terrifying!

"Anyway, I eventually managed to get a cup of tea and so I filmed my scenes as the old crone. Then during the lunch break, I changed from my old crone make-up into the other Rani costume. I was transformed into a much younger, more glamorous Rani. I had a leather jacket, leather trousers, high-heeled boots, shoulderpads and massively long hair right down to my waist. And you know what? I stepped out of the make-up caravan . . . and found myself surrounded by men! They were all offering me chairs and cups of tea – anything I wanted was mine within minutes! Nothing has ever made it more plain to me, that if you're old and ugly, you don't really stand much of a chance."

How much of a say did Kate have in how the Rani should come across on screen? "I only make suggestions if I have something sensible to say. I do like to have a certain amount of input, but I didn't really need to on *Doctor Who*. I mean, it was all there in the text. Pip and Jane understood me as an actress extremely well. But once you get used to playing a character, you can become over-protective of her – 'No, no, no! The Rani wouldn't say that! The Rani would say *this*!' You've got to try to remember that a character isn't entirely your own creation; authors, directors and even your fellow actors usually deserve some credit."

'They say an actress is only as good as her parts. You learn to take the rough with the smooth!'



As Laura Wilde in boat soap *Howard's Way*

Convention stories suggest that the regular *Doctor Who* cast made any guest actors feel at home. Kate tends to agree. "The regulars made me feel very welcome. The atmosphere on set was lovely – and the camaraderie was fantastic. I'd actually worked with Anthony Ainley [the Master] before, although Nicola Bryant [Peri] was new to me. I found her absolutely charming. I'd also worked with Colin Baker before – we'd been in rep together and done a television series called *The Adventures of Don Quick*, starring Ian Hendry and Ronald Lacey. We'd also, of course, played protagonists in *The Brothers*, so working together on *Doctor Who* was just like old times." She adds wryly: "We've always played rather contentious characters with strained on-screen relationships!"

Shortly after working on *The Mark of the Rani*, Kate went to America to join the cast of *Dynasty*. "It was always mooted that the Rani would be back," she reveals, "but then I went to Hollywood and nothing more was said. A while later, I remember writing to [*Doctor Who* producer] John Nathan-Turner, from Hollywood, and saying, 'I cannot stand this eternal sunshine! It's driving me mad – you've got to help me! I want to be in a gravel pit somewhere in the pissing rain, changing in a caravan in front of 20 nosy crewmembers. For heaven's sake, get me out of here – and onto the set of *Doctor Who*!'"

Kate's prayers were answered by *Time and the Rani* and the newly-cast Doctor, Sylvester McCoy. "Most of my scenes involved Colin's transmogrification into Sylvester," she recalls. "The new Doctor was still establishing himself and so, in that sense, I wasn't really playing a guest part. I mean, I had more experience of *Doctor Who* than Sylvester!" So, did Kate help the actor find his feet in the role? "I didn't need to. Sylvester had very firm ideas about how he wanted to play the Doctor. Each time there's a regeneration, the new incumbent tries to make the part his own, does he not? I mean, there's no point in imitating a previous Doctor. Sylvester, I thought, was extremely good and absolutely right for the part. He was very eccentric and he had this wonderfully quirky, off-the-wall sense of humour – a bit like a stand-up comic. Colin had given a smoother, cooler – and altogether more laid-back – sort of delivery; Sylvester, in contrast, was a far more physical actor. They were two very different personalities."

The Rani – and her quarry? Bonnie Langford, Sylvester McCoy and Kate in *Time and the Rani*

Colin Baker's departure from the series had been abrupt, marked by recriminations. I point out to Kate that her time on the show had coincided with one of *Doctor Who*'s most turbulent periods. "I'm sorry," she smiles, "but I've absolutely no idea what you're talking about! I'd just come back from Hollywood and so I wasn't really aware that *Doctor Who* had come into any sort of turbulence. We didn't watch *Doctor Who* in Los Angeles! There had also been a certain amount of turbulence that end, quite frankly, and so I was just glad to get back to England – and to what I considered to be relative normality."

In the story, in order to persuade the newly-regenerated Doctor to repair a faulty machine in her laboratory, the Rani devises a cunning plan to pretend to be his companion, Mel. Kate, however, far from relished her chance to impersonate actress Bonnie Langford: "I found it terribly, terribly difficult," she states, "and I didn't think it was a particularly good idea. I had to single out Bonnie's idiosyncrasies and that wasn't very easy to do. It was, in fact, extremely awkward – especially when Bonnie was on set." Did Bonnie mind? "Well, she didn't have much of a choice, did she? Actually, she was terribly good about it – she even gave me some tips! I mean, it's very difficult to imitate somebody if you don't really know them that well. What's more, I'm completely unlike Bonnie visually – I mean, the girl is as thin as a rail! But I would have been a lot happier if I hadn't had to do those scenes."

As 'Mel' in *Time and the Rani*

Kate has fonder memories of two of the serial's most garrulous cast members. "Wanda Ventham [Faroon] and Donald Pickering [Beyus] were great chums of mine. They were tremendously good fun! I remember seeing them in their make-up for the first time . . . I just couldn't believe it! They'd been turned into lizard people! It was so funny. Wanda turned to me and said, 'Just look at me, darling! I mean, look at me! What have they done to my face?' But it was wonderful! They also used to talk a lot in rehearsals. Sylvester and I had one hell of a lot of scenes together, so Wanda and Don used not to be needed for several hours at a time. So whilst we were rehearsing our scenes, they would sit in the corner chatting away. And why not? But then when we got into the studio, Sylvester and I were suddenly aware of the very deadly quiet. We'd only recorded a few lines when Sylvester stopped. He said, 'I'm sorry, I can't go on! I just can't do this scene without Donald and Wanda chattering in the background!' And you know what? He was right! The silence was morbid."

Were the Tetraps as difficult to act against? "Well, I mean, not really. We just accepted them as actors in suits – you know, like the Daleks – and got on with the job in hand. In fact, the most difficult thing about doing the Tetrap story was hanging upside-down from my feet. Do you remember those scenes? They caused the blood vessels under my eyes to explode – or implode, I guess – and my skin went very blotchy. I had to say, 'I'm terribly sorry, but I really can't hang upside-down for much longer. You're going to have to take me down!' They ended up having to make me up with lots of very heavy make-up and then film me the right way up – with a wind machine blowing my hair back, to look as though I were hanging upside-down. Otherwise, that scene could have seriously damaged my eyesight. I suppose it would have cleared eventually, but it isn't really something one wants, is it?"

Time and the Rani was directed by one Andrew Morgan. "Andrew I knew already. He'd worked on [the BBC soap] *Triangle* and we also knew each other socially. I didn't know [*The Mark of the Rani* director] Sarah Hellings socially, but I did enjoy working with her very much. It was nice to have a lady director for a change. I would love to have worked with her again because having a pleasant director really does make a difference. I prefer not having to work with directors who are either neurotic, autocratic or just difficult. If they're nice and chummy, then everybody

The Doctor (Colin Baker) gets tied up in the Rani's scheming. *The Mark of the Rani*

Hurricane force

September 2000: Kate recording *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind*

Behind the scenes on the new audio adventure *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind* . . .

The last *Doctor Who* fans heard of the wicked Rani was that she'd pickled herself in time (like a "gherkin in a jar", no doubt), having failed in her attempts to trap the entire cast of *EastEnders* in a time loop. Or something. But this dubious incident will not longer down as the less-than-fitting swansong for one of *Doctor Who*'s most popular characters. For *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind*, creators Pip and Jane Baker have taken us back to where they left the villainous Time Lady at the conclusion of *Time and the Rani* – hanging upside-down in a Lakertyan cellar. "The Rani has been enslaved by her former servants," reveals Pip. "In order to survive, she must ally herself with some human beings. That's something of a first for the Rani . . . but they need her as much as she needs them!"

"We hadn't ever written an audio, as such," admits Jane. "We'd done some radio a few years back, but nothing quite like this. Our reputation is as visual writers, but Bill Baggs persuaded us to write an audio adventure for BBV. We came up with *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind*, but it's been quite a challenge. We like challenges!"

Pip and Jane originally created the character of the Rani for Season 22's *The Mark of the Rani*. "The other day, somebody asked us why we own the character of the Rani, but not the character of Mel. The difference," Jane tells me, "is that, although we wrote both characters' debut stories, we weren't given a story brief for *The Mark of the Rani*. If we'd been given a brief, we wouldn't now own the character and be able to write about her further adventures for BBV!"

Pip explains the reasoning behind the Rani's ruthless character: "We wanted to create someone who wasn't evil in the sense that she set out to be evil, but was evil because of her cold disrespect for all other forms of life. So when, in *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind*, the human characters protest about what she is doing, she can quite easily turn it round and remind them that human beings also experiment on animals, eat meat and so on. That really helps create dramatic tension."

"And we think Kate is excellent in the role."

"Oh, yes. Absolutely perfect. It's lovely to write for her again after all these years."

The Rani isn't the only *Doctor Who* villain making a return. The hideous Tetraps are also back – and this time, they have a score to settle! "I play Urak," enthuses actor Anthony Keetch, "who you may remember from *Time and the Rani*. He's the big hairy one with four eyes who spent most of the story enslaved by his Mistress!" And now he's after revenge? "Yes. Urak's a Tetrap with a grudge . . ."

The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind is the 28th audio play in the *Adventures in Time and Space* series produced by Bill Baggs. "We don't have the advantage of a visual medium, so we've got to create those images in our listeners' minds," says Bill, who's directed the Rani's return himself. "Some writers are better at this than others, but Pip and Jane are fantastic. I love their story . . . it's so exciting, full of energy.

"We were also very lucky to get Kate. I hope we can work together again in the future." So further Rani-based audios aren't out of the question? "Certainly not! It'd be lovely to do more. Working with Kate has been an exhilarating experience and the cast has got on like a house on fire. *The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind* is sounding fantastic. I think we have something rather special on our hands!"

The Rani Reaps the Whirlwind *is released by BBV this month.*
Website: www.bbvonline.co.uk

gets on and much more work gets done. I also remember John Nathan-Turner. He was totally over-the-top and that's just what the show needed. We all absolutely loved working for John – I thought he was great. The perfect producer!"

Is there much difference between British and American production teams, I ask? "Oh, yes! There's a huge difference. Fortunately, before I went to Hollywood, I'd worked with a lot of American production companies in this country and on the continent – so I was familiar with the workings of the Americans long before I was cast in *Dynasty*. American directors are far more exuberant and uninhibited in their approach, whereas English directors are always terribly polite. They'll say, 'Er, yes, um, okay then. That was very good, darling, but could we possibly try it one more time?' Whereas American directors will just say, 'Great! That was fantastic! Beautiful, beautiful!' And of course, that makes us British actors laugh – although obviously we don't laugh in front of them! I mean, we wouldn't want to embarrass them all. There's something quite nice about their enthusiasm."

Kate chose not to watch any of her *Doctor Who* episodes when they were originally broadcast. "I never watch myself on television," she says. "You see, I'm essentially a theatre actress and one gets used to never seeing oneself on stage – you can only judge your performance by the audience's reaction. I generally get around to seeing my television work eventually, but it's usually by default. When I'm a guest on a chat show, for example, they usually show a scene from a show that I've been in and I suddenly think, 'Good God! Is that really me?'"

Time and the Rani wasn't, however, Kate's last involvement with televised *Doctor Who*. In 1993, she was persuaded to play the Rani in the charity skit *Dimensions in Time*. "Why did they do that?" asks Kate. "Was it for Comic Relief or Children in Need?" Children in Need, I tell her. "Oh, that's right. They used every Doctor available . . . both living and dead! Peter was there and Colin was, too. Who else? Jon Pertwee. What about Sylvester McCoy? And I don't remember seeing Tom Baker. Didn't he record his scenes separately? I've come across Tom in my time, but he wasn't in Albert Square. And Sam West played my assistant, do you remember? That was the other killing thing – I'd actually worked with Sam before in the theatre at Chichester. 'Oh, it can't be him,' I said. 'It can't be him!' But of course, it was. He said, 'Listen, it's been my lifelong ambition to be in *Doctor Who*. Of course I'm doing it!' Apparently, ever since Sam was a child – and, as a matter of fact, I'd known him as a baby – he'd dreamed of appearing in *Doctor Who*."

With servant Urak in *Time and the Rani*

I wonder whether Kate has any souvenirs from her time on the show. "No, I don't think so. What souvenirs could one keep? Having said that, I still have the costume designs for the second lot of episodes I did because we gave the Rani a different outfit, didn't we? Mind you, I actually preferred the original – far more practical – costume. It was more snake-like and less flamboyant – the sort of thing mad scientists might wear!"

Kate is keen to offer her opinion on *Doctor Who*'s future: "I really don't see any reason why it couldn't come back tomorrow," she says. "*Doctor Who* is everlastingly popular and I consider myself very lucky to have done it. Okay, it might not have been the greatest acting challenge of my career, but children love it and it gives one a new audience every time it's shown. A lot of kids know me purely from having seen me in *Doctor Who*. It's an absolute cult series. I regard it as a privilege to have been part of such a landmark in British television.

The sinister Mistress ruling Lakertya. *Time and the Rani*

"The Doctor is one of those universal characters who represents every man. He's the little guy up against the odds – and in this case, the odds are the monsters from other planets. The Doctor went to university, didn't he? The Rani, the Master and the Doctor all studied together at the same intergalactic college. I mean, their exploits are, quite literally, timeless. *Doctor Who* would be perfect to fill the gap in television drama that exists today. I know they show *Star Trek* every now and again, but that's not really the same, is it? I think the Americans have a much better grasp of what the public wants – their market research is far more thorough. They put cross-sections of their public in viewing rooms and see what audiences respond to. They take notice of what their public says and, if we only did that in this country, we'd have a far higher standard of television. Oh, I mean, it's criminal what they're doing! All we ever seem to get are endless game shows, quiz shows, fly-on-the-wall documentaries and make-over programmes! I mean, who the hell watches *Changing Rooms*? That's why people are going back to the cinema and buying videos – they want to see good-quality drama. Have you seen any of the recent theme nights on BBC2? They're having to make nostalgia documentaries because they're no longer able to make anything decent! The only quality drama programmes are on UK Gold!"

In 1987, Kate co-founded the British Actors Theatre Company with fellow thespian Peter Woodward. They have toured the classics in this country, abroad and in the West End. "The company now takes up a lot of my time," she admits. "I've recently been working on a show with some young people between 16 and 25. I found that most invigorating. Working with younger people really releases one. It's actually been one of the happiest experiences of my career. I wrote the show, I directed them in it, I helped paint the scenery and I made some of the costumes . . . I'm a total control freak, basically! That's what it amounts to!

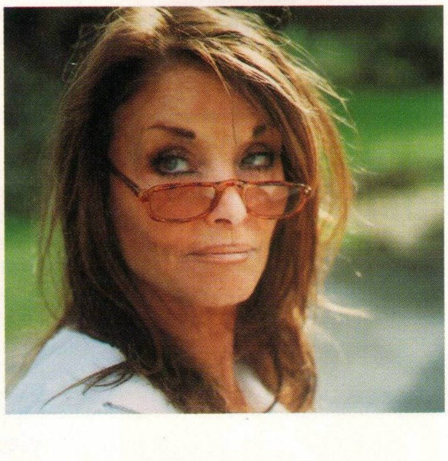
"But I'm not planning to give up acting just yet," Kate assures me. "I mean, I love acting and I spend most of my time doing it. What I definitely need at this moment is some more television. Everything I did on TV is now quite a long time ago and so I'd like to, you know, bring people up to date." And what of the Rani's future? What would Kate like to see happen in future audio adventures? "Well, I assume the Rani's great ambition is to take over the entire universe – and any other universes that happen to be lying around! So it would be wonderful to see the Rani in a position of absolute power. There are many examples on this planet today of people whose sole aim in life is to obtain absolute power. And then when they get it, just look at how they abuse it! Exploring issues of power and greed could be right up *Doctor Who*'s street."

> **'There's no danger of anyone falling in love with the Rani – she's completely lacking in sex appeal!'**

Whilst we've been chatting, producer/director Bill Baggs has crept into the room and is now gesticulating wildly at me from behind a clipboard. Apparently, he wants to 'borrow' Kate to record some scenes in the 'Farm Factory'. With our interview nearing completion, Kate very kindly gives me a copy of her book, *Game Plan – A Modern Woman's Survival Kit*. I promise to put it to good use. Oh, and there are some *Doctor Who* photos on page 55.

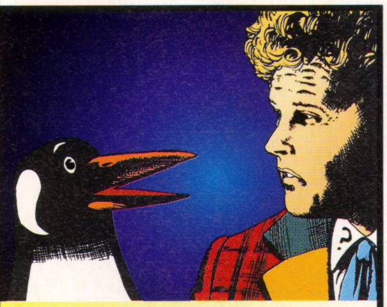
But before allowing the actress to escape, I have one final question. Any unfulfilled ambitions, Kate? "Well, for starters, I'd like to do some more *Doctor Who*! That would be lovely. But apart from that . . ." Her voice drops to a conspiratorial whisper. "One of my greatest ambitions is to play the Captain in *Star Trek*!" Catching my doubting glances, she adds: "I know, I know! It's sad isn't it? But I have always wanted to play an astronaut in a space series! One of my earliest ambitions was to be an astronaut, you know – I wanted to be the first woman on the moon. Oh, how I envied Neil Armstrong! Sadly, I've never really been physically equipped for the job – and now I'm much too old for it anyway. Do you remember a series called *Space: 1999*? I wanted to play either the lead in that or the lead in *Blake's 7*. No, really! I want to play the captain of a spaceship and wear a lovely, white, form-fitting spacesuit – bossing everybody about, coping with emergencies and being very efficient and businesslike . . .

"I'd love to do that – it's very me!" **DWM**



The Holy Terror

by Robert Shearman



Featuring The Sixth Doctor and Frobisher the Whifferdill
Enemies A bastard hunchback – and his heir apparent
Setting The palatial staterooms and dank, dripping dungeons of a medieval castle – at some point between the **DWM** comic strip *The World Shapers* and the Marvel graphic novel *The Age of Chaos*
You'll like this if you like the royal court backdrop of *The Curse of Peladon*; bits of *The Aztecs*; the cloistered mysteries of Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* . . . plus the zealous hysteria (not to mention some of the really nasty torture bits) in Ken Russell's *The Devils*
Listen out for the sad story of Frobisher's marriage. And a vocal *tour de force* courtesy of a mystery member of the cast . . .

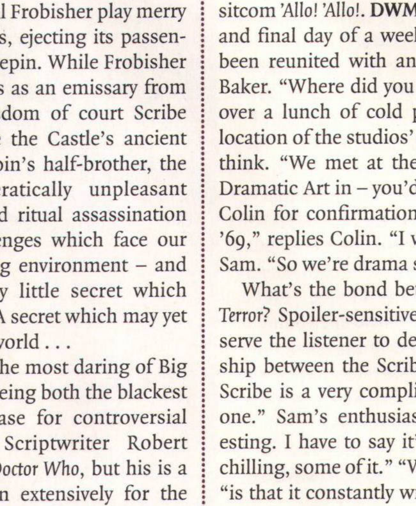
The Doctor Colin Baker
Frobisher Robert Jezek
Sejanus Dan Hogarth
Tacitus Sam Kelly
Berengaria Roberta Taylor
Livilla Helen Punt
Childeric Peter Guinness
Pepin Stefan Atkinson
Clovis Peter Sowerbutts
Arnulf Bruce Mann

Incidental music Russell Stone
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Nicholas Pegg

God is dead. More particularly, God has drowned in his bath. Whereupon the bizarre kingdom of God – that is, the late Living God Emperor Pepin VI – becomes the domain of the new one true God, Pepin VII. And any heretic who dares suggest otherwise will have an eye gouged out, so it can watch its former owner being burned at the stake . . .

The TARDIS takes industrial action after the piscine passions of the Doctor's penguin pal Frobisher play merry hell with its dimensional stabilisers, ejecting its passengers into the fiefdom of the effete Pepin. While Frobisher comes to terms with his new status as an emissary from heaven, the Doctor seeks the wisdom of court Scribe Eugene Tacitus in a bid to divine the Castle's ancient mysteries – only to fall foul of Pepin's half-brother, the embittered, deformed and operatically unpleasant Childeric. Fratricide, matricide and ritual assassination are but a few of the lesser challenges which face our heroes in this harsh and horrifying environment – and that's quite apart from the nasty little secret which Childeric has hidden in the vaults. A secret which may yet loose anarchy and chaos upon the world . . .

In many ways, *The Holy Terror* is the most daring of Big Finish's audio adventures to date, being both the blackest of black comedies and a showcase for controversial comics companion Frobisher. Scriptwriter Robert Shearman may be a new name to *Doctor Who*, but his is a heavyweight talent; having written extensively for the theatre, both in UK regional rep and in Europe, he regularly works alongside distinguished playwright, producer and director Alan Ayckbourn. Robert confesses that his fan enthusiasms have occasionally carried through onto the stage: "Theatre critics always look to see whose work you're copying, whether you're stealing ideas wholesale from Beckett or Berkoff – but I've always been seen as someone rather original, and they've given me lots of awards for it! They didn't realise I wasn't stealing from contemporary drama, but from *Doctor Who* – I've got versions of *Mawdryn Undead* and *The Awakening* still doing the rep circuit!" he admits.



Jezek and Baker p-pick up their penguin

On the recommendation of *Spectre of Lanyon Moor* writer/director Nicholas Pegg, Big Finish's Gary Russell contacted Robert to see if he'd be interested in coming up with a story. Robert had "a vague thought about something to do with religion" – but was rendered speechless by the producers' desire to use Frobisher. "Frobisher scared me quite a bit. He's one of the best things ever to come out of the Sixth Doctor's time – but I got a headache trying to work out how a shape-shifting penguin was going to transfer to audio!

"The introduction of Frobisher allowed me to change the tone of what I was doing into this rather odd comedy. It starts off quite light but gets blacker and blacker – and that was deliberate. The hope is that listeners will start laughing, and by the end they'll be reacting to the horror – but won't quite be able to work out when the comedy stopped and the nightmare began . . .

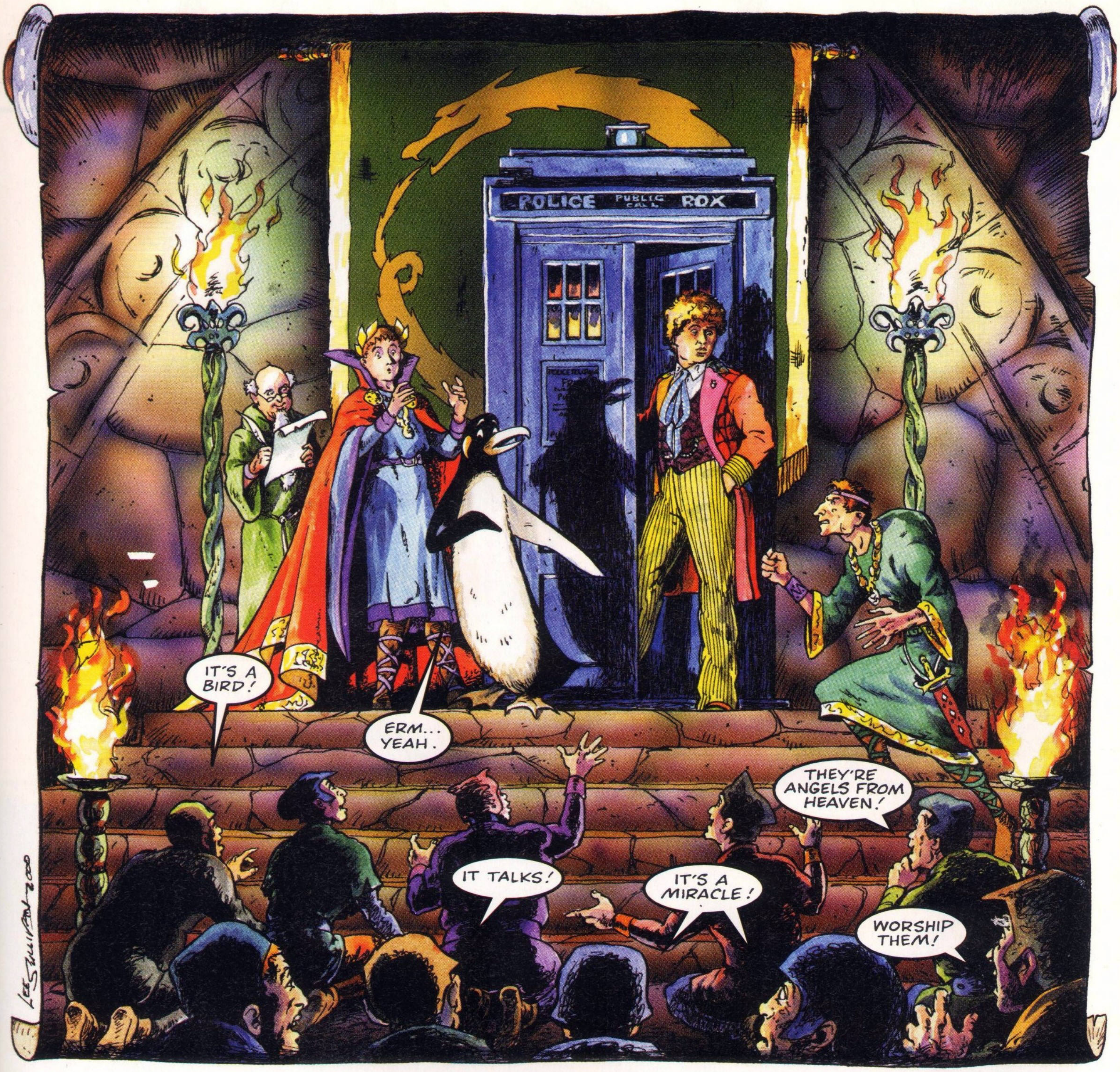
"My theatre associates are very envious – they all love *Doctor Who*, because the emphasis has always been on adventurous storytelling. Alan Ayckbourn, who's a bit of a sci-fi buff, was impressed!"

The Holy Terror was recorded in London at the beginning of August. Cast as genial Scribe Tacitus, Sam Kelly's TV roles have encompassed a homicidal cabby in the extraordinary *Holding On* and, most famously, a comedy Nazi in sitcom *'Allo! 'Allo!*. **DWM** caught up with him on the second and final day of a weekend in studio during which he'd been reunited with an old friend – Sixth Doctor Colin Baker. "Where did you first meet?", **DWM** asked the pair over a lunch of cold pasta in the not-entirely-convivial location of the studios' car park. "Ah," says Sam, having a think. "We met at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art in – you'd be 1966, would you?" He turns to Colin for confirmation. "I went in there '66 and left in '69," replies Colin. "I went in '64, left in '67," continues Sam. "So we're drama school contemporaries, basically."

What's the bond between their characters in *The Holy Terror*? Spoiler-sensitive, Colin deliberates. "It would not serve the listener to describe in great detail the relationship between the Scribe and the Doctor," he says. "The Scribe is a very complicated character, but a fascinating one." Sam's enthusiastic: "It's very curious and interesting. I have to say it's a very, very clever script – quite chilling, some of it." "What I like about it," stresses Colin, "is that it constantly wrongfoots you. You think, 'Oh, it's comedy' – but then you think, 'Oh hang on, it's Gothic torture and melodrama!'"

Colin wrote for Frobisher in *The Age of Chaos* – so what's it like actually playing alongside the penguin? Is he how he imagined in the flesh – or feathers, rather? Colin chuckles. "Vocally, yes – a sharp wise-cracking American. I never thought it would happen, you know. The flipper lives!" It's time to chase up the chap charged with bringing Frobisher to life – Robert Jezek, whom *Doctor Who* fans will know as *Battlefield*'s Sergeant Zbrigniev. By way of introduction, **DWM** apologises to 'Frobisher' for being unable to purchase pilchards as a present anywhere in Kennington on a Sunday afternoon. "'You don't have to kiss my flipper!'" squawks Robert J, quoting the play. "Heeey, you wanna talk to Frobisher for a little while?" he continues, in character. Er, okay. So how did he develop Frobisher's voice? "We were thinking, what are we gonna do with it? Are we gonna do special effects, or what? They had this idea of sort of Danny De Vito in *Taxi*, but when I read the script I thought, this is sorta very very Long Island Manhattan – it could be Woody Allen, almost. So we pitched it somewhere in between the two. At the same time, you kinda think, 'How *would* a penguin talk?'" Robert drops the accent. "I have *no* idea," he grins.

While Colin and Robert waddle off to pose as penguins in photos, **DWM** collars *The Holy Terror*'s other two big name guest stars – the husband-and-wife team of Peter Guinness and Roberta Taylor. Peter, who'll be most


POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
IT'S A BIRD!
ERM... YEAH.
THEY'RE ANGELS FROM HEAVEN!
IT TALKS!
IT'S A MIRACLE!
WORSHIP THEM!
LEE SULLIVAN 2000

familiar from his regular roles in *Casualty* and *Spender*, is playing Childeric – a character "determined to prove a villain", *a la* Richard III. "I often get cast as the tongue-lashing villain. I don't know why, 'cause I'm a nice chap really . . ." he says plaintively. Although a magnificent baddy, Peter would rather be the hero: "I've always wanted to do something involved in *Doctor Who*. I'm old enough to remember William Hartnell – he was my hero when I was about 11! I stuck with the Doctor for a long time – I was an avid fan for the first five or six years." So if the call came to appear in the show on TV, he'd jump at it? "Absolutely! I'd even climb inside a Dalek suit!"

Roberta, meanwhile, recently bade farewell to her role as *EastEnders'* queen of sorrows Irene Raymond. Her *Holy Terror* character is altogether different: "I'm an evil empress, Beren-" She falters. "I can't even say her name! 'Berengaria'. I was told by Nick Pegg, the director, that it would be this kind of heavily queeny, campy part, which I rather like . . .

"I'm my own husband's mother in this. We've worked together twice, on stage – once at Bristol Old Vic in *Romeo and Juliet*, and then at Birmingham we did *The Seagull*. I played an evil actressy mother there. We don't do do it very often," she confides, "we don't want to be seen as the Nunns. We've only had one scene together – most of the time I'm manacled up in my dungeon. I get beaten up by Livilla, my daughter-in-law – and then this big bird thing comes along . . ."

Director Nicholas Pegg is bubbling over with enthusiasm for *The Holy Terror* and its cast. "Rob has written a wonderful script," he says, "and one of the obvious benefits of a good script is that one can attract top-notch actors. It's great to be able to say that each member of the cast was my first choice for the part, and in this case that's absolutely true. Because of the nature of the story, I needed a cast who could turn on a sixpence between Gothic horror and this sort of absurdist Pythonesque comedy, often within a single scene – and they do it superbly. What's more," he adds, leaning forward conspiratorially, "I have to tell you that Colin Baker is giving one of his finest performances ever. He's just fantastic in this one – it's thrilling to hear." And with that, director and cast scurry back to the dungeons for another dose of ritual torture . . . *Alan Barnes* DWM

'We hope you won't be able to work out when the comedy stopped and the nightmare began!'

The Holy Terror *is released on 20 November*

Black Orchid

Photos: BBC Video [11]

PART ONE

Night at an English country house – where a servant is attacked and killed by a mysterious assailant. The murderer steals into a bedroom where a girl is sleeping . . . but soon he is bound and tied, watched over by a South American Indian.

The TARDIS materialises on the platform of Cranleigh Halt railway station at three o'clock in the afternoon on 11 June 1925. The Doctor, Adric, Nyssa and Tegan emerge from the station to be met by Tanner, a chauffeur; expecting the arrival of 'the Doctor', he is amazed by Nyssa's appearance. The travellers are taken by Rolls-Royce to a cricket match between Charles, Lord Cranleigh's team and the Guy's Hospital side; the Doctor has been mistaken for a medical practitioner playing for Charles' team. The Doctor enjoys the game while his companions meet Charles' mother, Lady Cranleigh, and Sir Robert Muir, the area's Chief Constable. Afterwards, the travellers are invited back to the Cranleigh's home and invited to attend that evening's fancy dress ball. Charles is joined by his fiancée, Ann Talbot – who is the exact double of Nyssa. Tegan studies a black orchid brought back from the Orinoco by Lady Cranleigh's eldest son, George – a famous botanist and explorer who went missing in Brazil two years previously.

The travellers are given costumes for the party; Ann decides it would be fun if she and Nyssa dressed in identical masked butterfly costumes, to confuse the other guests. The Doctor is getting ready when the killer enters his room through a secret panel; the Doctor becomes trapped in the passage, and the killer dons his masked Harlequin outfit. Lady Cranleigh talks to the Indian, Dittar Latoni, who says that his 'friend' has escaped. The Doctor emerges into a section of the house where the killer has been kept in confinement, finding the servant's corpse.

At the party, no-one can tell Ann and Nyssa apart. The Harlequin guides one of the girls into the house for a dance – but behaves threateningly towards her. The girl screams for help – but the Harlequin kills James, the footman who comes to her aid. The girl faints and the Harlequin's hands reach for her throat . . .

There's murder, mystery and madness at the manor when the TARDIS takes a trip back to the Roaring Twenties. It's just not cricket – as Andrew Pixley discovers . . .

CRANLEIGH HALT
ROYAL

Fears of a clown: the Doctor and Sir Robert find the TARDIS to be missing

Tonic screwdriver: Tegan and the Doctor enjoy a drink with the Cranleighs

'What a very silly activity . . .'

The Doctor, Adric, Nyssa and Tegan emerge from the TARDIS onto the platform at Cranleigh Halt.

ADRIC So what is a railway station?
THE DOCTOR Well, a place where one embarks and disembarks from compartments on wheels drawn along these rails by a steam engine. Rarely on time.
NYSSA What a very silly activity.
THE DOCTOR You think so? As a boy I always wanted to drive one.

From **Black Orchid** Part One by Terence Dudley

PART TWO

The Doctor is found by Lady Cranleigh and Latoni; Lady Cranleigh asks him not to mention the dead servant,as this will upset the party guests. The Doctor returns to his room and dons the Harlequin costume, which the killer has replaced.

Ann awakens in the secret room, and fails to see the hideously disfigured man who has been treating her tenderly; she runs off into the arms of Lady Cranleigh. Venturing downstairs, Sir Robert and Charles are investigating the death of James. When the Doctor appears dressed as Harlequin, Ann accuses him of attacking her and killing the footman. The Doctor's earlier desire for anonymity, and Lady Cranleigh's refusal to confirm the tale of the dead body in the secret corridor, lead to the Doctor being arrested and driven with his companions to the police station where Sir Robert and Sergeant Markham are met by Constable Cummings, who shows them a Police Box found at the railway station. The Doctor shows them inside to prove his story of being a Time Lord.

Rather than have the Doctor suffer for a crime he did not commit, Charles telephones the station to report the murder of the servant, Digby. He and his mother also explain to Ann the horrific truth . . . The Doctor pilots the TARDIS back to the hall with Sir Robert and Markham, where they find a distraught Ann. In the house, the deformed killer has broken free by starting a fire; he grabs Nyssa, mistaking her for Ann, and heads for the roof. Lady Cranleigh admits that this is George, driven mad after being tortured by the Kajabi Indians to whom the black orchid is sacred; Ann and George had been engaged.

The Doctor and Charles confront George on the roof and secure Nyssa's release, but the terrified George trips and falls to his death. The TARDIS crew stay for the funeral, and Lady Cranleigh presents the Doctor with a book: *Black Orchid*, by George Cranleigh.

In Production

Twin dilemma: Sarah Sutton (second left) plays Ann – so Vanessa Paine (second right) doubles for Nyssa

Joining the *Doctor Who* team in June 1980 to direct *Meglos*, Terence Dudley was soon invited to submit some story ideas by new producer John Nathan-Turner, who had worked as Dudley's production unit manager on several other series. Dudley had been writing for television since 1959, penning a thriller serial called *The River Flows East* and contributing scripts to *Doomwatch* and *Survivors*, both of which he had also produced. For *Doctor Who*, he came up with two ideas: one was a science fiction narrative – and the other, titled *The Beast*, was a murder mystery 'whodunnit' set in England in the 1920s.

Both ideas were submitted to script editor Christopher H Bidmead. Keen to inject more hard science into *Doctor Who*, Bidmead thought the whodunnit unsuitable – but commissioned the science fiction tale in September under the title *Days of Wrath*. Dudley's rapidly-written *Days of Wrath* scripts were delivered early in 1981 – enabling the story to take the production slot allocated to *Project Zeta-Sigma*, the serial which was originally intended to introduce actor Peter Davison's Doctor.

Out of his budget to make 28 episodes of *Doctor Who* over the year 1981-2, Nathan-Turner had opted to use the equivalent of two episodes on a 50-minute pilot for a possible future series featuring the Fourth Doctor's popular robot dog, K9 – leaving him 26 episodes of *Doctor Who*, to be divided up as six four-part stories and a two. It seems that the producer had liked Dudley's whodunnit very much, and in January 1981 – between Bidmead's departure and the three-month tenure of his temporary replacement, Antony Root – Nathan-Turner began to discuss its production as the two-parter, the first since 1975's *The Sontaran Experiment*. He wanted each of the Doctor's three companions to be highlighted in one of the season's stories; since Tegan would have a prominent role in *Kinda* and Adric was due to exit the series in *The Enemy Within*, Dudley's story could showcase Nyssa. The producer disliked the title *The Beast*; consequently, the scripts became *Black Orchid*.

The story's formal commission did not come until Monday 9 February; because Dudley was a BBC staff member, a special dispensation had to be given to allow him to contribute the scripts on the grounds that he had "intimate knowledge of programme and production techniques". As with *Day of Wrath* (later *Four to Doomsday*), which was now due to be recorded in April, Dudley delivered his scripts very quickly and efficiently; they arrived on Monday 16 February. It was planned that *Black Orchid's* location work would take place in the first week of October, with two days' studio recording about a fortnight later.

Harle(quin) Davison: the Doctor ponders his new image

Although the scripts for *Black Orchid* – coded Serial 6A – had been delivered in mid-February, little or no developmental work was undertaken until the arrival of Root's replacement, Eric Saward, during April; the rehearsal scripts named both Root and Saward as script editor on the serial. One reason for the delay was the hasty development of *The Visitor* (later *Castrovalva*) as a replacement for *Project Zeta-Sigma*. The *Black Orchid* scripts were formally accepted on Tuesday 14 April, at which time Nathan-Turner said that he was hoping to direct the story himself; discussing the new season, he made great play of the fact that *Black Orchid* would be the first 'historical' (*ie*, a story with no science fiction elements other than the TARDIS and its crew) since *The Highlanders*, broadcast in 1966-7.

Various of the supporting characters were outlined in Dudley's scripts: Ann Talbot was "a pretty, fragile looking girl who could be Nyssa's sister" and has "bobbed hair"; "The Dowager Lady Cranleigh" was "a handsome woman of fifty", and Sir Robert Muir "an authorative man of the same age"; Charles was a "handsome young man"; and Dittar Latoni was "a Brazilian Indian with shoulder length hair held back by a yellow band" who has "a fearsome wedged lower lip which protrudes five or six inches".

Dudley specified the time and date of the TARDIS' arrival as 3.00pm on June 11 1925, causing a factual slip in the scene where the local constabulary recognise the TARDIS as a Police Box (G Mackenzie-Trench's Police Box design was not introduced until 1929). At the railway station, the chauffeur, Tanner, was originally to be seen asleep behind the wheel of an open Rolls-Royce. For the cricket match sequence, Dudley provided details of the tallies on the scoreboard ("CRANLEIGH C.C. 148 9 13" and "GUY'S HOSPITAL 44 3 21", for example). At the pavilion afterwards, Sir Robert was to call the Doctor's innings "worthy of the Master" – meaning "the other doctor", 19th century Gloucestershire cricketing hero WG Grace, not the Time Lord's arch-enemy ('the Master' was actually the nickname of Jack Hobbs, an English batsman playing for Surrey in 1925).

After the cricket match, the Rolls-Royce takes the Doctor and friends through "imposing park gates" and along a drive to Dalton Hall, "an impressive Gothic residence" (the Hall is not named in the finished serial). Seen in the Hall's drawing-room, the black orchid of the title was noted as having "black sepals and gold lips"; the portrait of George Cranleigh nearby was specified as resembling Charles Cranleigh. In a short exchange of dialogue, Ann was to ask Nyssa her surname ("Nyssa what?"/"Just Nyssa"). Part One's script referred to both Nyssa belonging to the Empire of Traken (as per *The Keeper of Traken*) and Adric's origins on Alzarius (as per *Full Circle*).

Dudley noted that Tegan and Nyssa's bedroom at the Hall was a redressing of Ann's room; originally, the scene in the girls' bedroom was to begin with Nyssa asking Tegan what she's humming – to which the Australian would reply, "Charleston. It's a great dance, too." None of the fancy dress outfits worn by the major characters was specified, the Doctor's costume being described simply as "flamboyant" and "such that it conceals the identity of the wearer". The party took place on the Hall's "south terrace", where "a small band plays or appears to play dance music of 1925". The Australian colloquialisms spoken by Tegan which amuse Sir Robert would be changed: she was to think Ann's duplication of Nyssa's costume was "a great giggle" rather than "a great hoot", and tell Muir that he is a "bonza" dancer, not a "beaut" one.

Mourning glory: the Cranleighs return from George's funeral

From the point at which Nyssa and Ann run "behind some masonry" and re-emerge so that nobody can tell them apart, Dudley scripted the girls as simply "Twin", not specifying who was who for the remainder of Part One; for example, when the Charleston is playing, the Twin with Adric implores him to join her. In Part Two, following on from the Doctor meeting Lady Cranleigh and Latoni, there was to be an extra film sequence at the party. Dropped at an early stage, this was to show Cranleigh dancing with Nyssa and asking her where Traken is; evading the question, Nyssa was to remark upon the fact that she hasn't seen Ann for a while. Passing a couple dressed as the Walrus and the Carpenter, after characters from a poem contained in Lewis Carroll's 19th century children's novel *Alice in Wonderland*, Cranleigh was to quote, "I cannot do with more than two to give a hand to each" – which Nyssa thinks is "another kind of dance" until he explains.

SCRIPTING The Unknown

The mysterious figure of tortured botanist George Cranleigh was referred to in the scripts as "The Unknown" or "Well Shod" until his identity was revealed in the closing sequences; this latter term arose from writer Terence Dudley's instruction that George's face should not be seen during the first episode, and so stage directions referred to his "well shod" feet. When taking the Doctor's costume, the figure was indicated as having "ugly, mutilated hands" and in the closing scene of Part One made only "a gutteral sound". The Unknown's face was described some way into Part Two: "It is, like the hands, horribly mutilated. It is not recognisable as a human face." When the Doctor attempts to rescue Nyssa on the roof, George "turns back . . . and opens his mouth in a grisly smile. There are no teeth."

Trying to account for his background to Sir Robert and Lady Cranleigh, the Doctor refers to the science fiction writings of HG Wells, and specifically his 1895 novel *The Time Machine*. Originally, the scene where the Doctor's companions hear of Ann's accusation was written without Ann present, and ended with Brewster telling Cranleigh there was a phone call for him. In the rehearsal scripts, the name of Cranleigh's old friend from Guy's switched from "Smutty Thomas" in Part One to "Smutty Frobisher" in Part Two.

The scene where Cummings asks Sergeant Markham if he has seen the Police Box in the yard was written for studio. On entering the TARDIS, the Doctor was to say to Sir Robert, "I told you I was a time traveller" – to which Muir would reply, "But that doesn't stop you from being a murderer as well." When Cummings enters to report that Digby has been found, Sir Robert was to wonder if he has been another of the Doctor's victims, but Cummings points out that the corpse was stiff with rigor mortis; the Doctor says that the body he found had been dead about eight hours, well before his arrival at the Hall. In the rehearsal scripts, both Cranleigh and the Doctor reach the roof by climbing the walls.

CASTING Guest stars

On Friday 17 July 1981, producer John Nathan-Turner approached character actress Dinah Sheridan to see if she would be interested in playing Lady Cranleigh in *Black Orchid*. Sheridan proved to be unavailable, and the role was offered to Barbara Murray on Tuesday 28, whom Nathan-Turner recalled from the BBC's 1974 adaptation of *The Pallisers*; Murray's films included *To the Public Danger* and *Anna Karenina*, and her television work included *The Power Game*.

The other two guest stars – Moray Watson as Sir Robert Muir and Michael Cochrane as Charles, Lord Cranleigh – also hailed from *The Pallisers*. Watson had enjoyed TV roles in *Compact* and *Rumpole of the Bailey* and was later a regular in *Rude Health* and *The Darling Buds of May*; Cochrane was known for the BBC period drama *Wings*. All three were given a high profile in both the Drama Early Warning Synopsis issued on Tuesday 22 September.

Nathan-Turner's ambition to direct *Black Orchid* himself faded over the summer when it became clear that he would need to be heavily involved in the pilot for *K9 and Company*, which he had outlined late in April under the title *One Girl and Her Dog*. It was then thought that *Black Orchid* might be directed by John Black, who had overseen both *The Keeper of Traken* and *Four to Doomsday*; Black would then go straight onto *K9 and Company*, to be made in tandem with the subsequent *Doctor Who* story, *Sentinel* (later *Earthshock*), which had replaced *The Enemy Within*. Although this was also found to be impractical, Black was erroneously listed as *Black Orchid*'s director when the Drama Early Warning Synopsis was issued late in September. The two-parter was therefore an ideal opportunity to test out another director on *Doctor Who*; Nathan-Turner chose Ron Jones, a BBC production manager who had shown him examples of his work on the BBC director's course. As BBC production managers, Jones and Nathan-Turner had known each other for several years; Jones was to get his directing break on *Doctor Who* after Nathan-Turner had him released from his commitments to the BBC's new detective series, *Bergerac*.

Finding Dudley's scripts much to his liking, Jones joined the production on Monday 17 August. His design team included newcomers Lisa Westcott on make-up, Rosalind Ebbutt on costumes and Tony Auger on visual effects; Auger was a visual effects assistant assigned to *K9 and Company*, made up to full designer for this one serial.

> **'I never liked the story, mainly because I spent a lot of the time dressed like an idiot. It smacked too much of Noel Coward'**
>
> **Peter Davison**

Casting took place from late August to mid-September, with Max Harvey, whom Jones later used as Cardinal Zorac in *Arc of Infinity*, being among those interviewed on Thursday 3 September. The production team scouted various venues during September in the hope of finding a suitable Dalton Hall; these included a neo-Gothic folly called Nether Winchendon at Aylesbury, Taplow House Hotel at Taplow, the Berkshire College of Agriculture, Pennyhill Park Hotel at Bagshot, Missenden Abbey in Great Missenden and New Lodge, Windsor. However, the eventual location was found in the wake of location filming for *Castrovalva* during the first week of September. Two days' shooting had taken place on the estate of Buckhurst Park at Withyham in East Sussex, south-west of Tunbridge Wells. Permission to film had been obtained from the owner, Lord De La Warr – who had given his consent only if he was allowed to have his photograph taken beside the TARDIS. Nathan-Turner, who had mistaken De La Warr for the gardener on a visit to the house, was suddenly reminded of the house at the centre of the estate when he forwarded the photographs on Friday 18 September – which led him to consider Buckhurst Park itself as a possible Dalton Hall. At first, the owners were rather reluctant, but an agreement was reached, with one of the provisos being that photography by cast and crew – other than for publicity or continuity purposes – would be forbidden in the grounds.

Saward amended some of the location sequences on Tuesday 22 September, rewriting some of the cricket match dialogue to remove references to a marquee and restructuring the single Part Two scene set in the police station to take place in the street outside. On Friday 25, guest star Michael Cochrane, playing Charles Cranleigh, attended a photographic session at Television Centre, posing for stills of himself as George Cranleigh which would both appear in the *Black Orchid* book prop and form the basis of the painting in the drawing room.

Following a recce of the locations on Monday 28, film rehearsals began on Friday 2 October. The regular cast of Peter Davison, Janet Fielding, Sarah Sutton and Matthew Waterhouse had only finished recording *Castrovalva* the previous night. Davison felt the serial did little for his Doctor; Fielding enjoyed dancing the Charleston; Waterhouse suggested that Adric should be more interested in eating than dancing, to avoid being involved in the choreography; and Sutton, pleased with the dual role the script afforded her as both Nyssa and Ann Talbot, was delighted to be able to use the dance skills she had been taught at stage school, making *Black Orchid* one of her favourite serials.

Around now, Saward expanded the opening TARDIS scene to add continuity references to earlier serials, with Nyssa commenting on their trip to London in *The Visitation* (which would precede *Black Orchid* on broadcast), and Tegan saying that the Doctor can stop trying to return her to Heathrow (a narrative begun in *Logopolis* and continued in both *Four to Doomsday* and *The Visitation*).

In all, around a quarter of *Black Orchid* would be shot on film. Location shooting on 16mm film got underway on an overcast Monday 5 October, when the regulars were joined by guest stars Moray Watson (as Sir Robert), Timothy

Who am I: Doctor or deformed menace?

DIRECTOR Ron Jones

Born in Bristol in August 1945, Ron Jones joined the BBC in October 1968 after leaving university. Following a spell as a radio studio manager, he became an assistant floor manager in television, and started to direct sequences for *Blue Peter*. Jones then continued at the BBC as a production manager on drama series such as *Secret Army* and *Bergerac*, and soon completed the BBC's internal directors' course.

Block (as Tanner), Andrew Tourell (as Constable Cummings) and Ivor Salter (as Sergeant Markham); Salter had previously featured in the 1965 serials *The Space Museum* and *The Myth Makers*. Filming began at 10.00am on Quainton Road between Quainton and Waddesdon in Oxfordshire, where the Part Two scenes showing a period police car being followed by Cranleigh's open-topped green Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost were mounted. The next location was the police station yard, which was the exterior of a derelict house at 99 Quainton Road, Waddesdon, which had been dressed by Burrough's team the previous day. Rain had fallen prior to filming of the scenes where the Doctor regains the TARDIS. Here, the regulars wore their fancy dress costumes, which had been specially made by Sally Willis. Tegan's costume was based on a rose, the Butterfly costume worn by Nyssa and Ann was a popular period idea (which included a mask to help conceal the wearer's identity) – but Davison disliked the Harlequin costume he had to wear.

Quainton Road Railway Station, a disused Victorian station on the working LMS network near Aylesbury, doubled for Cranleigh Halt. Since the regulars were still in their party outfits, the first scene shot showed the police convoy arriving in Part Two. While the cast changed, Part One scenes showing the TARDIS' arrival and discovery by a policeman were filmed under sunnier skies; smoke canisters were used to imply the departure of a steam train. The final scene had the travellers emerging from the TARDIS and meeting Tanner. When the unit wrapped about 4.00pm, cast and crew prepared for a trip to the south east – and their new base at Tunbridge Wells.

The main location for the rest of the shoot was Buckhurst Park, and it was here on Tuesday 6 that the cast were joined by guest stars Michael Cochrane and Barbara Murray (as Lord and Lady Cranleigh), plus Vanessa Paine and stuntman Gareth Milne. Paine had been hired to double for Sutton in some shots where her face was largely hidden or the character was masked, enabling Ann and Nyssa to appear together in the same shot without the need for complex split-screen work (Sutton thought that Paine did not resemble her at all). Milne had not worked on *Doctor Who* before, and originally discussed no more than the stunt requirements with Jones; however, Jones felt Milne could play the non-speaking role of George Cranleigh, and duly cast him in the programme.

The best seat(s) in the house: the Doctor and Nyssa take advantage of Lady Cranleigh's hospitality

The climax of the serial was filmed on this rather dull Tuesday, with the TARDIS 'materialising' in the driveway. Milne's appearance as the deformed George called for extensive latex make-up to the right-hand side of his face, plus a wig, a false ear and a palate to keep his mouth open; his hands were also treated with latex and a rubber solution after some of his fingers had been taped together. A false rooftop over Buckhurst Park was constructed by Burrough's team, with the illusion of the fire being created by clever lighting and smoke canisters. Unfortunately, Milne's fall from the rooftop did not go as planned – and the stuntman missed some of the boxes and mattresses laid out to break his plunge, his legs partly striking the paved ground. To the crew's amazement, Milne persevered – changing costumes and then doubling for Cochrane, climbing the drains up to the roof. At this point, the intention to also have the Doctor scale the walls was dropped.

Davison was not required for filming on Wednesday 7, when Ahmed Khalil (as Latoni), joined the cast; Khalil had co-starred in the BBC crime series *Gangsters*. Part One's party sequences got underway with a hint of sunshine, but the weather soon turned windy, with drizzle beginning to fall. Many of the extras had been hired for their dancing skills; the choreography was arranged for free by Gary Downie, a close friend of Nathan-Turner's who had been an assistant floor manager on *Underworld*. The remaining fancy dress outfits, mostly hired from costumiers Berman and Nathans, did little to protect the performers from the cold October weather.

Part Two's party scenes were filmed on Thursday 8, by which time the weather had taken a distinct turn for the worse. The cast shivered in their skimpy 1920s outfits and the wind blew glasses off the tables, shattering them on the terrace. The final sequence filmed showed the travellers saying goodbye at the end of Part Two, with the TARDIS still on the driveway.

Location work concluded on Friday 9 with filming at the cricket ground alongside the driveway approaching Buckhurst Park. Filmed first was the conversation in the Rolls-Royce as the TARDIS crew arrive at the pitch, followed by some establishing shots of Dalton Hall. Unfortunately, the weather started to turn again, and it was decided to abandon the dialogue sequences in which the Doctor meets Lady Cranleigh and Sir Robert – which could be transferred to the studio recording – and press ahead with sequences covering the cricket match itself. Davison was disappointed to find that when he was batting well, the crew were not shooting! Filming in sunny breaks, the minimum amount of material needed was completed around 4.00pm.

> **'You could see that my double was another actress. Actually, she wasn't like me at all – not even the same height!'**
>
> **Sarah Sutton**

Rehearsals for studio recording began at the BBC's Acton Rehearsal Rooms on Saturday 10 October; the same day, the *Daily Mail* contained coverage of the location filming and a few comments from Murray. Because of the changes caused by the weather, Saward set about redrafting the scripts to move the after-match scene into the drawing-room of Dalton Hall. To break up what was now a long dialogue piece, the script editor also inserted extra short scenes of the Unknown struggling in the detention room.

On Monday 19 October, Film Operations Manager Graham Richmond wrote to Nathan-Turner, expressing his concern over the short editing time available to prepare the location material for the studio recording. By now, Part Two had been found to be running short, and so on the same day Saward rewrote the episode to pad it out. The scene in which Ann accuses the Doctor was expanded to include the Doctor confirming that the killer was masked and suggesting a duplication of costume, provoking discussion about Ann's joke with her twin outfits; the Doctor then appeals to Lady Cranleigh for an alibi, asking what motive he could have for attacking Ann (here, the Doctor's outfit was erroneously referred to as 'Columbine', in fact the wife of the Italian comedy character Harlequin). Also extended was the scene where the Doctor, Lady Cranleigh and Sir Robert have failed to find Digby's body; the Doctor's claim that 'Ditoni' was from Brazil, "Where the nuts come from",

Ridicule is nothing to be scared of: the TARDIS crew get into the party spirit

quoted a famous line from *Charley's Aunt*, an 1892 farce by Brandon Thomas. The telephone call to Smutty was extended, Tegan's speaking up for the Doctor was inserted and the TARDIS scene with Sir Robert was heavily reworked. An extra shot of the Doctor climbing the stairs was also added to match the location film.

Jones' two-day studio session spanned Tuesday 20 and Wednesday 21 October in Studio 3 at Television Centre. Recording on the first day took place between 7.30 and 10.00pm, structured to involve minimal costume and make-up changes, particularly for Sutton – who began the evening as Nyssa. With the cast in fancy dress, Part Two's TARDIS Control Room scenes were taped first, followed by insert shots of Sutton as Nyssa in the Drawing Room set for insertion into scenes due to be recorded later, featuring her predominantly as Ann. While the regulars got changed, the extra silent scenes showing Latoni and the Unknown in the Detention Room for Part One were recorded, along with the attack on Latoni in Part Two. The regulars were then able to record the opening TARDIS scene in their usual outfits; a shot of the TARDIS CSO screen would have the film of Cranleigh Halt dropped into it later. Fielding and Davison then changed, and the Part One scene in Tegan/Nyssa's Bedroom was played out. Having recorded the scene as Nyssa, Sutton then changed and was made up as Ann, swapping places with Paine to re-record the scene; a split-screen effect was used on a locked-off camera to obtain a rare shot of both Suttons together. Part One scenes showing the robed Doctor investigating the Corridor, Landing and Detention Room were taped next, followed by Lady Cranleigh and Latoni rescuing Ann from the Unknown at the start of Part Two and Latoni being attacked in Part One. The remainder of the evening was spent on the Corridor and Small Annexe sets, recording the murder of Digby, the lost Doctor and the scenes concerning Digby's corpse.

Things went badly wrong on the second studio day. Jones had planned to rehearse in the morning and record in the afternoon between 2.30 and 5.15pm, prior to the evening recording. But at 9.00am on Wednesday 21, the electricians' union called a stoppage in a dispute over studio lights. Rehearsals continued in the darkened studio, but the technicians did not return until 4.45pm – Jones' team having lost over two hours' valuable recording time. Frantically, Jones tried to complete as much as possible without triggering a costly over-run.

Sutton again began the day as Nyssa, recording a Part One scene in the Drawing Room along with various cut-ins, before swapping places with Paine to become Ann; again, a time-consuming split-screen effect was used at a couple of points. Scenes in the Doctor's Bedroom were fitted in around Davison's costume changes. The Detention Room scene where the Unknown starts the fire was taped next, continuing with the scene where the Unknown appears in the Hallway and grabs Nyssa. It had been planned that the sequences to be taped in the evening were those in Ann's Bedroom (a redress of Tegan and Nyssa's bedroom), Milne's leap through the burning Landing door, the Doctor being accused in Part Two and the cliffhanger ending for Part One – all of which were set in the Drawing Room and Hall sets. The schedule in tatters, Jones recorded in the most efficient manner he could. 10.00pm came and went, with Nathan-Turner sanctioning an hour's over-run to make up for the earlier problems. Scenes were shortened on the go, but the only major casualties were the sequences in Ann's Bedroom. The first of these was to show Ann in bed being watched by the Unknown from the secret panel; the Unknown would then be grabbed by Latoni and dragged away – whereupon Ann wakes, turns on the light and finds nobody there. The second scene was prior to the scene in Nyssa and Tegan's bedroom: here, Ann is being helped into her costume by her maid, Alice – but the pair are watched from behind the wall panel by the Unknown. Telling Alice to bring a costume box, Ann sets off for the girls' room.

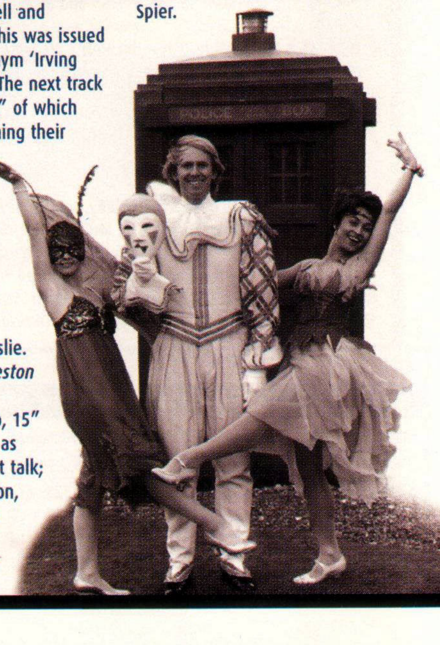
Minimal gallery-only work was conducted in TC6 on Sunday 25 October, alongside the electronic effects needed on *Castrovalva*. Jones' edit began on Wednesday 28, running through to Sunday 1 November. Part One over-ran, causing several cuts to be made. Two short film sequences were lost: the first was a brief dialogue between Tegan and the Doctor in the car *en route* to the cricket match (Tegan asks why they are going to the match, only for the Doctor to rejoin, "Why not?"); the second had the police constable arriving at Cranleigh Halt on his bicycle and seeing the TARDIS. A short scene in the drawing room prior to Ann's entrance was also cut; Cranleigh says that they hold a ball on the front terrace when the weather is fine, adding that his mother casts a spell on the weather. "Lady Cranleigh is a bewitching Lady," says the Doctor – whereupon Lady Cranleigh flirts with the

STOCK MUSIC Twenties tunes

Terence Dudley's script contained two period musical references. Preparing for the party, the Doctor sings three lines of *I Want To Be Happy*, a popular 1924 tune by Vincent Youmans and Otto Harbach with lyrics by Irving Caesar which featured in the musicals *No, No Nanette* and *Tea for Two.* The other musical item referred to was the Charleston – a South American American folk dance whose tune was adapted in the USA around 1920, becoming a national craze in 1923 after an arrangement by James P Johnson and Cecil Mack appeared in the show *Runnin' Wild.* Numerous recordings were available in England from around July 1925.

Two LPs issued by the EMI World Record Club provided all the period music for the party scenes. *The Great British Dance Bands Play the Music of Irving Berlin (1921-31)* contained two tracks: *Lazy* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Lazy* was a 1924 composition by Irving Berlin (born Israel Baline) which had featured in the musical *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; 1'09" was heard in Part One as the food is being prepared. 42" of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was heard in the climax to Part One and its reprise in Part Two; with a tune by Lewis E Gensler with lyrics by Buddy DeSylva, it had featured in the musical *Queen High* from September 1926.

The remaining bands of music came from the 1971 LP *Savoy Orpheans at the Savoy Hotel London*, which contained many melodies played by Debroy Somers' dance bands at the Savoy Hotel in London between 1923 and 1927. 10" of *Show Me the Way To Go Home* played as the girls ran indoors; based on Archie Morow's 1901 *Show Me the Way To Go Home, Baby* by British musicians Jimmy Campbell and Reginald Connelly, this was issued under their pseudonym 'Irving King' in June 1925. The next track was *Pasadena*, 1'28" of which backed the girls joining their partners and Latoni arriving; also known as *Home in Pasedena*, this was a melody from May 1924 composed by Harry Warren with Grant Clarke and Edgar Leslie. 1' 15" of *The Charleston* accompanied the dancing. In Part Two, 15" of *Dinah* was heard as Tegan and Sir Robert talk; this 1925 composition, the theme of Dinah Shore, was composed by Harry Akst with words by Sam M Lewis and Joe Young. 10" of *Eyes of Blue* backed Adric enjoying his food; this 1925 tune was composed by Ray Henderson with words again by Lewis and Young and featured in the show *Has Anybody Seen My Gal?* The final piece was a minute of *When Erastus Plays His Old Kazoo* as the party is wrapped up; with most recordings dating from around 1927, this was a composition by Sam Coslow, Sammy Fain and Larry Spier.



A total flapper: Tegan does the Charleston

Doctor, telling her son she wants to see more of him. Charles says he will send the Doctor a fixtures list, and his mother reminds him that there is more to life than cricket. Some of the shorter scenes with Doctor alone in passageways were resequenced. The Great Western Railway locomotive pulling away was 15 seconds of stock 16mm film shot for the 1980 BBC children's drama series *God's Wonderful Railway*. At the start of Part Two, the reprise lacked the close-up shot of the hands reaching for Ann's neck which closed Part One. Second edits of both episodes were prepared for broadcast; the opening scene in Ann's bedroom included what little material had been recorded in studio, mixing to shots of the bound Unknown lifted from other scenes. While Jones was still in post-production on Tuesday 3 November, Nathan-Turner requested that his services be retained into 1982 – and that he should step into the breach to direct Serial 6C, *Xeraphin* (later *Time-Flight*).

The music score for *Black Orchid* amounted to only 12 minutes' specially composed music by Roger Limb of the Radiophonic Workshop, a friend of Jones' from their radio days. Although much of the score was electronic, reusing elements from *Four To Doomsday*, Limb also incorporated conventional piano parts. Part One was dubbed on Sunday 15 November, with Part Two being shifted back from Sunday 22 November to Saturday 5 December.

Promotional material issued on Tuesday 17 November emphasised the fancy dress and period dance element of the serial. The serial was previewed on Thursday 10 December when a Part One film sequence from the party was shown on children's magazine programme *Blue Peter* as part of a film report about costumiers Berman and Nathans.

Black Orchid aired on two consecutive nights. Depending on region, Part One was screened opposite either the ITV news or the high-rating soap *Crossroads* and *Nature Watch*, whereas Part Two was opposed by *Emmerdale Farm* in most areas. BBC Cymru opted to screen *Heddiw* in the early evening slots, airing *Doctor Who* on Mondays and Wednesdays at 7.45pm while the rest of BBC1 took *Bret Maverick* and *The Wednesday Film*. Ceefax subtitles advertised the serial as *The Black Orchid* alongside a graphic of a very thin Police Box. Viewing figures were reasonable, if slightly down on *The Visitation*.

The serial was marketed abroad – airing in Australia in May 1982, where the end of Part One – notably the strangulation of James – was heavily cut by the censors. New Zealand first screened *Black Orchid* in July 1983; North American territories also purchased it in 1983, where it is also shown as a 47-minute compilation; and Holland broadcast it in July 1986 as *De Zwarte Orchidee*.

In Summer 1983, *Black Orchid* was selected for a repeat screening alongside *The Visitation* (and, late in the day, *Kinda*). Promoted in *Radio Times* with a picture of Lady Cranleigh alongside the Part Two billing, the episodes aired against *Crossroads* or regional news shows both days – and although the highest-rated story of the repeat season, it still had a very small audience.

Terence Dudley novelised his own scripts as *Doctor Who: Black Orchid*, taking the opportunity to flesh out his characters and backdrop. The setting was now the Jacobean building of Cranleigh Hall in Oxfordshire, presided over by Charles Percival Beauchamp, the tenth Marquess of Cranleigh, and his mother, the Marchioness of Cranleigh. The book was published in hardback by WH Allen in September 1986, with a Target paperback following in February 1987; the cover painting was by David McAllister.

UK Gold broadcast *Black Orchid* episodically in July 1994, with several compilation broadcasts from September 1994. The BBC Archives retain a D3 copy of the original two-inch 625-line tapes. The serial was released by BBC Video as part of a *Doctor Who: The Visitation/Black Orchid* double pack in July 1994, with a cover painting by Pete Wallbank. DWM

SERIAL 6A **BLACK ORCHID**

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* with **Sarah Sutton** *Nyssa/Ann*, **Gareth Milne** *The Unknown/George Cranleigh**, **Ahmed Khalil** *Latoni*, **Janet Fielding** *Tegan*, **Matthew Waterhouse** *Adric*, **Timothy Block** *Tanner* [1], **Michael Cochrane** *Lord Cranleigh*, **Barbara Murray** *Lady Cranleigh*, **Moray Watson** *Sir Robert Muir*, **Brian Hawksley** *Brewster*, **Ivor Salter** *Sergeant Markham* [2], **Andrew Tourell** *Constable Cummings* [2].

*Billed as 'The Unknown' in *Radio Times* and on closing credits to Part One, but as 'George Cranleigh' on Part Two

EXTRAS **David Wilde** *Digby*; **Jim Morris** *Station Master*; **Rosemary Lyford, Sheila West, Lisa Clifton, Lindy Salmon, Jane Sherbourne** *Guests/Spectators*; **Gus Roy, Rory O'Connor** *Guests/Cricketers*; **Fernand Monast, Adrian Gibbs, John Asquith** *Dancers/Cricketers*; **Douglas Stark, Derek Southern, Stuart Myers, Nick Joseph, Lionel Sansby** *Cricketers*; **Alan Talbot, Mitchell Horner, Kevin O'Brien** *Cricketer/Spectators*; **Charles Millward, Brychan Powell** *Guest Umpires*; **Annette Lyons, Christine Kendall, Nola Haines** *Dancers/Spectators*; **Vanessa Paine** *Double for Nyssa/Ann*; **Reg Woods** *Policeman at Station**; **Caron Heggie** *Ann's Maid (Alice)*; **Amanda Carlson** *Maid*; **Derek Hunt** *Footman James*; **Frederick Wolfe** *Footman Henry*; **Jimmy Muir** *Police Driver*; **Gareth Milne** *Stunt Double for Lord Cranleigh*; **Michael Cochrane** *George Cranleigh (portrait/photograph)*.

*Not in finished programme

CREDITS *Written by* **Terence Dudley**. *Incidental Music* **Roger Limb**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Production Manager* **Jim Capper**. *Production Associate* **Angela Smith**. *Production Assistant* **Juley Harding**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Val McCrimmon**. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Chapman**. *Film Sound* **Ron Blight**. *Film Editor* **Mike Houghton**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Tony Auger**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Vision Mixer* **Carol Johnson**. *Technical Manager* **Alan Jeffery**. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Videotape Editor* **Rod Waldron**. *Studio Lighting* **Fred Wright**. *Studio Sound* **Alan Machin**. *Costume Designer* **Rosalind Ebbutt**. *Make-Up Designer* **Lisa Westcott**. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Tony Burrough**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Ron Jones**. *BBC © 1981*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION*

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Part One	1 March 1982	6.55-7.20pm	24'56"	9.9M (57th)	–
Part Two	2 March 1982	7.05-7.30pm	24'41"	10.1M (55th)	–

*BBC Cymru broadcasts on 1 March and 3 March 1982 (7.45-8.10pm)

COMPILATION REPEATS

Part One	31 August 1983	6.35-7.00pm	24'56"	4.4M (94th)	66
Part Two	1 September 1983	6.25-6.50pm	24'41"	5.0M (79th)	65

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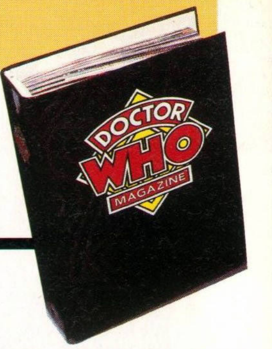

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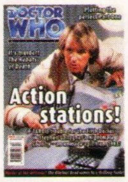

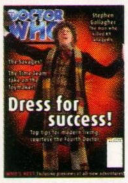

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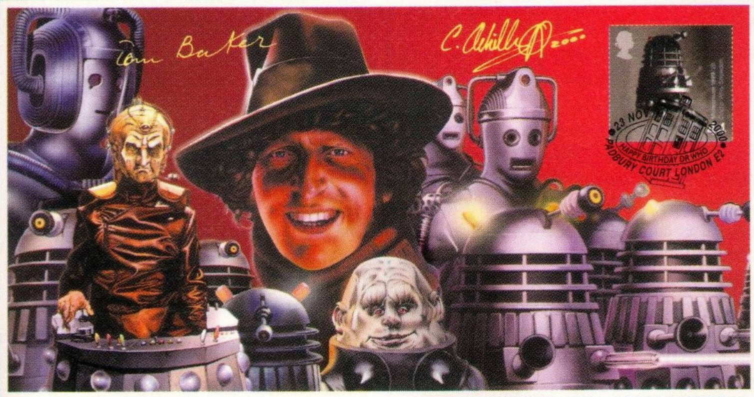

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THE TIME TEAM

Their mission: to watch all of Doctor Who. In order. From the start.

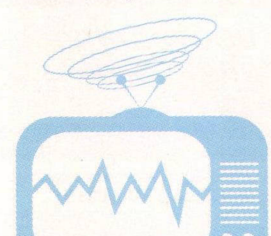
Peter

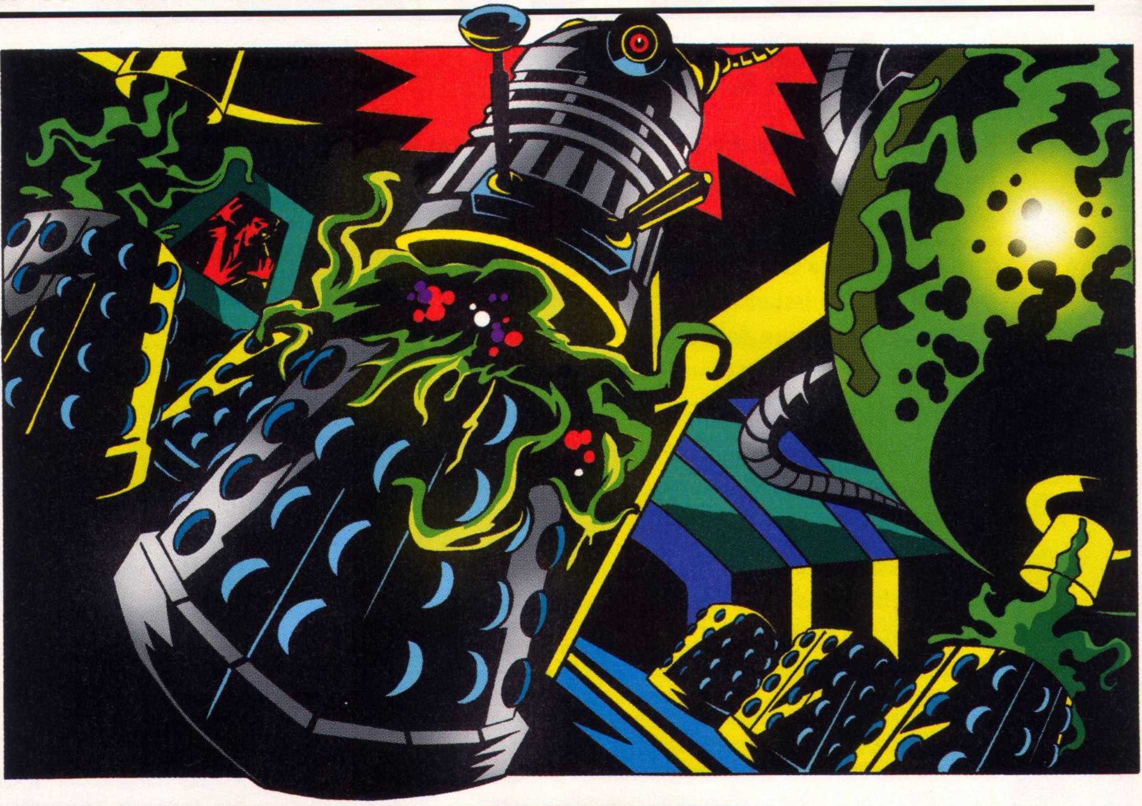
Richard

Clayton

Jac

Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustration by Adrian Salmon





EPISODES 137 TO 144

"He's terrified!" chuckles Peter. "Fear is an emotion I don't recall the Doctor displaying before. The Doctor of old would have been worried, maybe, but still indignant and contemptuous of the Daleks."

"I've found him very hard to like so far, as you know," says Jac. "But now there's a real threat he seems to have calmed down and become a bit more bearable."

We left the exciting adventures of Doctor Who at a critical point last month. With his new body still fresh, our traveller and pals Ben and Polly have fetched up on the planet Vulcan, where a scientist called Lesterson has recharged some dormant Daleks. Cunningly, the monsters are coming the innocent – pretending to be the willing servants of the Earth colonists – while our hero bellows at Lesterson, Governor Hensell and creepy Bragen, Head of Security, to have them deactivated.

And as if they've been pulled from a swamp and jump-started from a car battery themselves, the Time Team have never been more animated. It's Episode Three of *The Power of the Daleks* – audio-only, of course – and Lesterson is now assessing the intelligence of his pet Dalek with questions from *Revise A-Level Physics*.

"Lesterson has some odd ideas about how to test them," laughs Clay. "'Zeg, you *are* the weakest link. Goodbye!'"

"The Daleks seem very clued-up on earth scientific terminology, don't they?" observes Richard. "They use the same chemical formulae and can recite a word-perfect human definition of the Third Law of Thermodynamics. You'd have thought they'd have their own set of Skaro-type explanations."

There's trouble on all sides as insurrection runs amok on Vulcan. Nasty Bragen has used lab assistant Janley to help him infiltrate a rabble of rebels, who in turn have been duped into aiding his bid take control of the colony. The Doctor is proving a nuisance , so Polly is kidnapped in order to give Bragen some control over our big-hatted interloper. However, the Doctor is still coming on all gnomic, and doesn't seem bothered.

"Defeating the Daleks has become an obsession for the Doctor," says Peter. "Even to the extent that he's totally unconcerned with Polly's disappearance. Is he that confident in Polly's abilities, or doesn't he care what becomes of her?"

As we reach Episode Four, the Daleks' plan starts to become clear. Richard is not entirely happy. "The potentially dynamic title of the story suddenly becomes very boring when you realise that the 'Power' that the Daleks are seeking to just, well . . . electricity."

Clay, meanwhile, is impressed by the verisimilitude of the setting. "Just for once," he says, "a 'spacey' *Who* location seems huge. Perhaps its just the Governor's talk about being 'stuck out on the perimeter', but the Vulcan colony seems far bigger than the usual four rooms and a corridor."

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00178
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00037
One or more regulars incarcerated	00052

Vulcan politics claim our attention this episode, but the Doctor only has time for the Daleks. "How novel for the Doctor not to side with the rebels for once!" observes Peter. When Lesterson realise that Janley and Bragen intend to re-arm the Daleks as weapons in their takeover of Vulcan, the blinkered scientist begins to see the danger he's brought the colony and flips out: "I do feel sorry for Lesterson," says Clay. "The Doctor walking in and casually mentioning that the Daleks are reproducing and will likely kill everyone isn't going to do much for the poor man's mental health."

Lesterson explores the Dalek capsule and finds calamari by the ladleful. "Now we know where little Daleks come from!" laughs Peter. "How squelchy!"

It's a powerful scene, still available to us in short clips, where we see Daleks pour off a production line. "Can you imagine how long that scene would have stuck in the viewers' minds?" whispers an awestruck Clay. "It's made even more threatening by Lesterson, mad with terror, watching from above. Brrr!"

It's Lesterson who impresses Richard the most as Episode Five begins. "Robert James' portrayal is superb, constantly swinging from screaming hysteria to burbling insane reasoning. Barking mad at its very best!"

In a traditional *Doctor Who* holiday switch, Ben is now kidnapped while Polly has reappeared – the actors presumably passed each other on the A4 to Heathrow.

"Polly's very strong in this episode," says Clay. "Her dialogue to Valmar about the Daleks is worthy of the Doctor himself, and it's nice that she restates the Daleks' creed – 'dislike for the unlike' – to remind viewers of their motives. Hang about though, how does she know about that?"

Perhaps she asked WOTAN? Anyway, here's Bragen using a Dalek to kill Governor Hensell. "Hey!" shouts Jac. "A philosophical Dalek! 'Why do human beings kill human beings?' it asks. The Daleks are actually a more moral species, aren't they? They work for the good of their own kind. But not a morality that any of us would vote for, perhaps!"

Richard has a fair question: just how big is the Dalek capsule? "It doesn't seem very large from the outside," he says, "but it manages to hold a whole Dalek production line and an ever-increasing number of hiding Daleks. If it is bigger on the inside, it's surprising that no-one ever comments on it."

As we reach Episode Six, our Team's agitated babbling rivals even Lesterson's. Listen to this . . .

Jac: "These are some of the best Daleks ever! They are cunning and effective villains, and not easily tricked or controlled. Actually a scary menace, not just one that shouts loudly. This is a really good story!"

Clay: "As soon as the armed Daleks appear, you're on the edge of your seat, waiting for the moment when the floodgates open and they start murdering everybody! This is so exciting!"

Richard: "There's some fantastically eerie music over the shots of corridors full of dead colonists. It gives you a moment to reflect that the Doctor was right about the Daleks all along. Powerful stuff!"

Peter: "Oh yes! This is the what that the Daleks are famous for – exterminate, exterminate, exterminate!"

As the Daleks blast their way about the place, the corpses pile up and Bragen, Lesterson and Janley get what's coming to them, it's up to the Doctor to save the day. Which he does by taking a spanner to the Daleks' power supply. The Time Teamers' mouths hang open in 'Was that it?' expressions. Even the Doctor can't explain what he did – which worries Peter. "Not a man I'd like to be stuck in a lift with," he says.

> **'The Doctor is *terrified!* Fear isn't an emotion I recall him displaying before' *Peter***

As Ben, Polly and their friend leave in the TARDIS, a lone Dalek wiggles an antenna. "Ooooh!" oohs Jac. "A 'The End . . . Or Is It?' moment! Have we had one of those before? So the Daleks will probably go on to destroy the colony, and all the good guys who triumphed. Bummer."

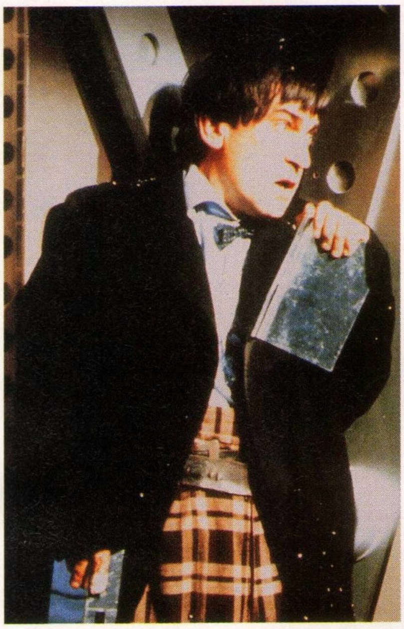
As everyone laughs, Clay trots to the kitchen to find more wine, but stops in the doorway to sum up everyone's feelings. "That was definitely the best of all the sci-fi adventures the series has done. By a mile! And it was *Doctor Who*'s most terrifying not-quite-three-hours. Find it, someone! Find it *now!*"

After a brief break (we've cut the scene of the Time Team at the food machine) we plunge into *The Highlanders* Episode One, recently restored to us by BBC Audio. Cut to a field near Inverness. It's 1745, and the rag-tag Jacobite army of Prince Charles Edward has been routed by the English. As the smoke clears on the battlefield, the peripatetic Doctor and company appear.

"What a clever idea to set the story directly in the aftermath of Culloden," says Richard, "thus negating the need to try and show any of the battle at all."

Our new Doctor is still consistently inconsistent. "How odd for the Doctor to be the one who wants to leave while his companions want to stay," notes Clay. "Is that a first? But why do they think they're home? A cannonball thudding to the ground near you isn't going to make you think 'Ooh! London 1966', is it? Fools."

Unsurprisingly, trouble is just over the hill, and the travellers are captured by highlanders Jamie and Alexander – both ready to kill to protect their wounded Laird. The Doctor's medical skills are sought, and Polly is sent with Kirsty, Alexander's sister, to dodge the Redcoats and find water.



"Is it me or does the Doctor seem a bit odd?" asks Clay. "Making Ben hold people at gunpoint, shouting 'romantic piffle' as the Scots discuss their dreams of a free country, and being a bit of a know-all. Maybe I'm just starting to miss Billy?"

Captured again, this time by the English, the Doctor poses as a German medic, using possibly the silliest voice we've heard since the Cybermen stalked Snowcap base. This prompts a stream-of-consciousness from Jac which runs to the end of the episode: "My goodness, I'm no linguist, but is that really a German accent? Ooh, but Polly's really getting into the companion thing, isn't she? All her 'diversions' and cunning plans. Fab! But, oh dear, how non-PC she is, calling Kirsty a 'stupid peasant'. Oh well, she was upset. And now she's fallen down a hole. Oh dear."

Maybe it's the come-down after *Power*, maybe it's the mildly soporific effect of *The Highlanders*, but from Episode Two on, the Time Team are more subdued, and much of the tale passes without remark.

The Doctor and Ben are taken to Inverness, where the amoral Solicitor Grey is passing Scots prisoners to Captain 'Har-harrr!' Trask, who then sells them into slavery in the Indies. Polly, meanwhile, captures the foppish English soldier Algernon Ffinch and blackmails him into helping her and Kirsty.

"*The Highlanders* is quite light-hearted," notes Clay. "The whole business with Polly and Kirsty luring that hapless cliché Ffinch into the pit is played for laughs. With all the bloodshed and carnage that the real battle of Culloden boasted, it feels almost disrespectful."

"Isn't this reminiscent of *The Smugglers*?" says Peter. "Set at about the same time, with corrupt officials, real ale pubs and local yokels, not to mention big ships, wicked captains and silly wigs."

Peter's right. If *The Smugglers* re-jigged elements of *Treasure Island*, then *The Highlanders* is a re-run of *Kidnapped*. Aside from side-trips to meet Daleks and Cybermen, Ben and Polly seem to have been on a no-frills tour of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

During Episode Three, Clay returns to an earlier theme. "I think what annoys me most about this is that the Doctor just seems to be having a laugh. His friends are being sold as slaves and falling down pits and he's tottering about the place in a frock as if he's in weekly rep. Let's have a bit of gravitas, eh, Pat?"

Polly is playing the dressing-up game too – tarting round as an orange seller to outwit the English. "Hah!" laughs Peter. "Trust her be the first companion to use sex appeal to get her wily way. I'd like to have seen Dodo trying that!"

Rumbling on into Episode Four, the story is still greeted with a sense of gentle dismay by the Time Team, who have taken to reminiscing about *The Crusade* and *The Myth Makers*. Strangely, escape is guaranteed for all the Highlanders when the Doctor supplies then with a wheelbarrow full of muskets.

As we reach the conclusion, the final scores are in. Good things in *The Highlanders*? Kirsty and Ffinch. Bad things? Best not to ask. And then something entirely unexpected happens . . .

"Why on earth is Jamie the new assistant?" bellows Clay. "He's barely been in the story, and his decision to escort the Doctor and co back to the TARDIS makes no sense. Now Kirsty, she would have made a nice addition to the crew. Even Ffinch might have been a better choice!"

It's Richard's turn to sum up from the kitchen doorway. "*The Highlanders* is a shocking disappointment. Up to this point, the historicals have really proved their place in *Doctor Who*, and represented the majority of the better stories. But this is dull and lifeless with virtually nothing to recommend it. A real shame."

And with that, he is gone.

Like the historicals.

AND YOU SAID . . .

THE POWER OF THE DALEKS
Episode 5

"For the first time in the series' history, more or less, a view of humanity is being offered which is largely pessimistic – a far cry from the last story, in which the Cybermen were offered as the opposite to all that characterised man. In this instance, you almost believe that it's only right the colonists are wiped out by the Daleks" *Rob Shearman, London*

THE HIGHLANDERS Episode 2

"It's a pleasure to hear Polly blackmailing an officer of His Majesty's army so outrageously. Why don't companions do that more often, instead of just screaming or being shot at?" *Alex Wilcock, London*

"The mercenary solicitor Grey and his obsequious clerk Perkins are especially striking, reminiscent of a Robert Holmes double-act . . . a couple of years before Holmes began writing for the series! Troughton is able to give a very dark performance, playing the traitor just a little too often for comfort. When he denounces the Highlanders as assassins in order to buy his escape from prison, there is the real sense that we don't trust this new Doctor enough for him to get away with this yet" *Rob Shearman*

Episode 3

"It's very grim, with lots of gallows humour about, and even the Doctor seems a lot more brutal than usual. Threatening to blow someone's head off, banging Perkins' head against a desk with a merry quip – is this the Doctor or Sean Connery's James Bond?" *Alex Wilcock*

We'll be taking a brief side-step in **DWM** 300, when the gang will be watching the two 1960s Dalek movies, *Dr Who and the Daleks* and *Daleks: Invasion Earth 2150 AD*. Mark your comments 'Time Team' and send them via the addresses on page six no later than 6 December

Can you tell what it is yet?

So the Daleks are behind this . . . or the Cybermen . . . or we've been miniaturised and dumped inside a 1920s sloop! Whatever. David Darlington and Alistair McGown continue their survey of *Doctor Who*'s storytelling style – and discover that the revelations don't end there . . .

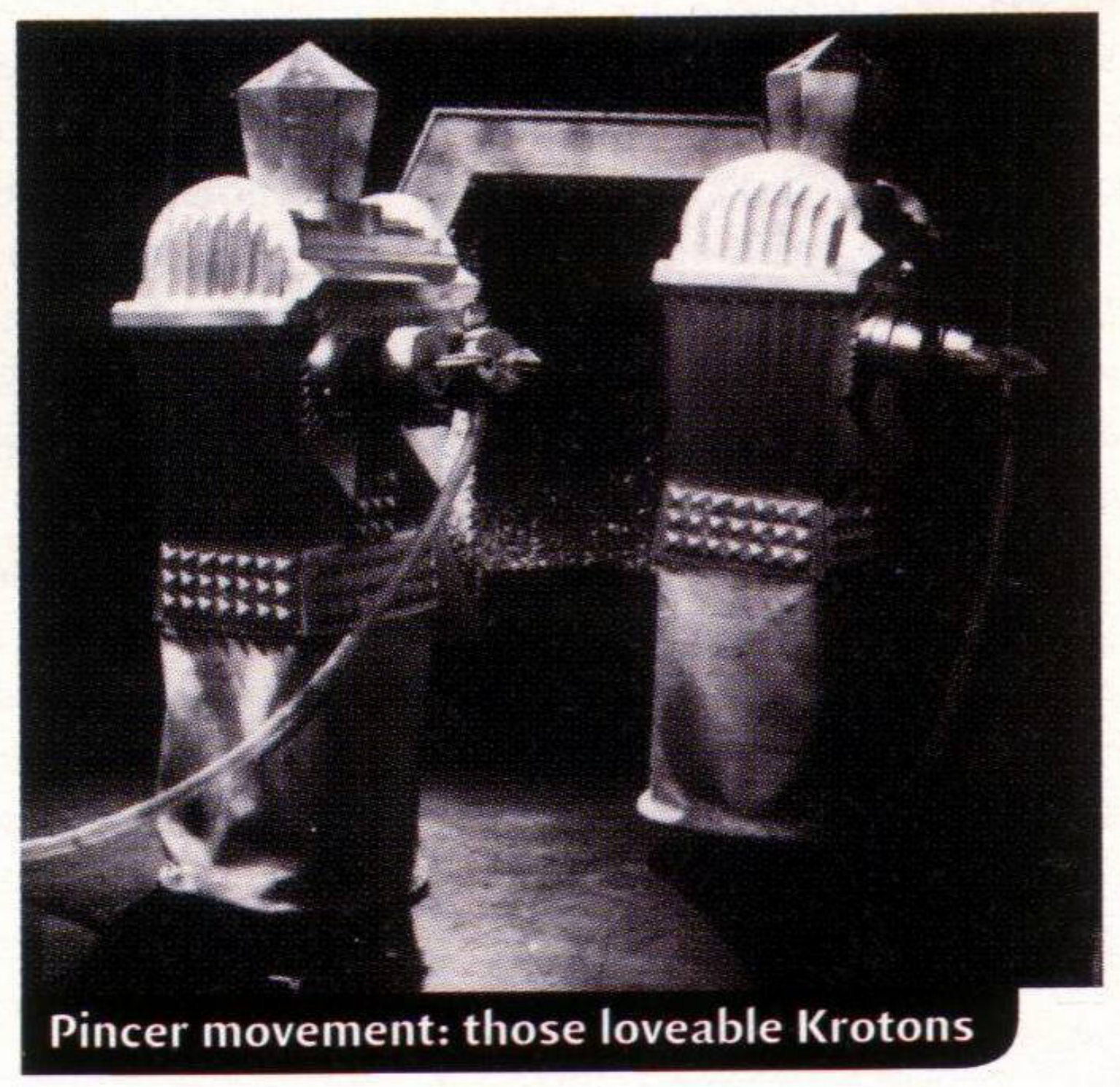
Last episode, we suggested that the first part of any *Doctor Who* should end on a natural twist. Most cliffhangers will be exciting at a surface level and grab the attention – so how to tell a natural twist from sensationalist schlock? Simple: try and write yourself out of it . . .

The opening to Part Two sees poor writing laid bare for all to see. An example emerges in *Arc of Infinity*: as the first episode ends, the Doctor is shot by Maxil. Could he be dead?!? Well, no, as that would preclude the next three episodes happening. So, as we fully expect, in Part Two the peril is reversed when it turns out that the Doctor is only stunned. It's not only clichéd writing, it takes us back to where we were before the Doctor was zapped – the story has not progressed, merely stalled. A better enigma/resolution constructed around the cliffhanger comes in *Carnival of Monsters*. We didn't understand the link between Inter Minor and the SS *Bernice* until a giant hand plucked the TARDIS from the ship's hold – the riddle was solved in that instant. One of the first scenes in the second episode underlines the resolution: Vorg shows Shirna the tiny TARDIS in his palm, plucked from his MiniScope. The enigma from the first instalment resolved, the story can move on, and the characters become involved in new interactions.

Part One teased us with questions – but the guessing games are far from over

One of the surest ways to hold the audience's attention is to keep it in suspense. Just because the initial tease has been answered, that doesn't mean the guessing games stop there. An episodic *Doctor Who* unfolds as a layered series of questions. If one question is finally answered, you can be sure another has already been asked – as with soap opera, which always commences a new plot strand before another runs its course. In our first article, we took *Destiny of the Daleks* as a case study of the questions posed implicitly or explicitly by a first episode. By the end of Episode One, we had learned that the Doctor and Romana had landed on Skaro – and that the Daleks were there, too. None of our other questions were answered that week. Let's look at *Destiny* again, and see how questions are posed and answered . . .

Photos: BBC Video [6] BBC [4] David J Howe [1] Bobi Bartlett [1]


Pincer movement: those loveable Krotons

Question (Episode One): Who are the zombies who bury their dead under piles of stones? Answer (Episode Two): Romana is taken prisoner and finds out that the Daleks are making slaves work to clear the mines.

Question (Episode One): Who is the seemingly mute stranger who has been following Romana? Answer (Episode Two): Tyssan is brought to the Movellan ship and we discover him to be a malnourished escaped prisoner of the Daleks. He's a good guy after all.

New question (Episode Two): a Movellan is killed by the Daleks, but his Commander refuses to let the Doctor attend to the corpse. As Tyssan asks the Doctor: "What was all that about?" The answer is not yet forthcoming.

The central question of this episode is made explicit in the dialogue throughout: "Tyssan, what are the Daleks mining for?"; "Why should [the Daleks] return [to Skaro]?"; "Burrowing into the ruins of their own city, but for what?" The Doctor has 'an uneasy feeling' he knows the answer, but of course he doesn't tell us yet – not until the end of the episode, when he finds the Daleks' objective: their creator, Davros. On a suspense level, this a good example of integrated question-answer structure; it only falls down at the very end when, having found the answer to the riddle the episode has posed at every turn, the Doctor walks away and leaves Davros sitting there, dormant. So to summarise: the episode tells us that the Daleks are mining, asks us to ponder why, then tells us just before the cliffhanger – but doesn't tell us what the Daleks want with Davros. In parallel, it raises our suspicions about the Movellans, about whom very little is yet known; we remain oblivious to the Dalek-Movellan war, the motivating factor behind the story.

While the Q and A device is often used to engage the audience, the answers provided will also drive the fiction, providing both the background that spurs the Doctor into action (expanding the scope of the injustice being done means he can resolve to fight it), and the facts that will arm him against his enemy. So a key function of Part Two is the acquisition of knowledge beyond those primary questions posed and solved by the end of Part One ('Where are we, Doctor?' and 'What is going on?').

The Doctor sums up the dynamic in the second part of *The Krotons*: "I think I'm beginning to understand . . ." An explicit instance in the same episode sees the Doctor and Zoe enter the Dynatrope, become subjected to the mind drain, escape its effects via the Doctor's ingenuity, but still provide the spark which creates the monster of the episode: the Krotons themselves. The story has obviously advanced at a surface level – it now has two concrete (well, crystal) antagonists, when before there were none – and there has been the excitement of discovery, threat and escape. Less obvious mechanics are also working in the background to power the story toward an inevitable conclusion. Trapped in the Dynatrope, Zoe vents her frustrations: "But what are we going to do if we do get out? We haven't learned anything yet!" The Doctor corrects her – when they observed the Krotons being born in the tank, they took a sample of fluid which the Doctor hopes to analyse if they can only escape. Sure as eggs is eggs, he analyses it in Episode Three.

So much for an empirical survey; once again we look to Robert McKee's *Story* for a model of good practice. The second element of his five-part story design is 'Progressive Complications'; the sweeping body of story which stretches from 'Inciting Incident' to 'Crisis/Climax'. To complicate progressively is to generate more and more conflict for the characters as they face greater and greater forces of antagonism, creating a succession of points of no return. In *Doctor Who* terms, the Doctor's latent heroism must be put to the test. As this episode progresses, he must become completely involved in events which will put him at risk, constantly passing points of decision and action which continually grow in magnitude.

Enlightenment Part One – as with *Carnival of Monsters* – ends with the resolution to its self-contained enigma. As Part Two opens, the Doctor and friends know where they are – and it transpires that the Eternals have no real quarrel with them, and thus pose little direct threat to them. So at this point, the Doctor could thank the Eternals for their little tour and jump back in the TARDIS. He is of course congenitally curious, but that alone will only take him so far into a story – he must engage in a struggle against evil. *Enlightenment* is a good

Sail of the century: Captain Striker steers the story into uncharted territories. *Enlightenment*

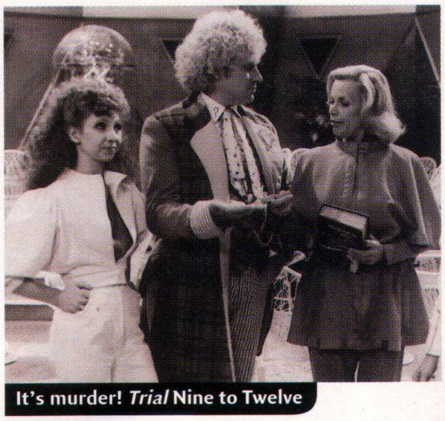
example as it opens up several new channels of conflict in its second instalment, all from the standing start at which the episode begins.

The easiest thing to do is to have someone steal the TARDIS, preventing the Doctor's escape and forcing his involvement. This alone is seldom satisfactory – but in *Enlightenment*, it is played in parallel with other plot strands and therefore acceptable, even if hardly necessary. A better failsafe method is to affront the Doctor's moral/humanist values. Thus when the Eternals' parasitic nature is revealed – with regard to their kidnapping of the expendable human crews – we have already anticipated the Doctor's resolution to end the games. Every story must do this, otherwise we'll wonder why the Doctor doesn't just go back to the TARDIS when things get too difficult. Indeed, there are many instances of a companion asking the Doctor just this question, forcing him to voice – and reinforce – his moral indignation. The addition of a physical threat will make clear the consequences of failure – and here, the Eternals' sailing is shown to be kamikaze-piloting for kicks, as they skim the gravitational field of a planet. So on top of everything else, our hero's life is in danger.

Enlightenment Part Two also introduces a mystery plot, when the Greek ship is destroyed. This indicates the possibility of a saboteur among the contestants, and the Doctor will have to unmask him to avoid further loss of innocent lives. Thus the mystery reinforces the primary moral outrage. *Enlightenment* is one of the few *Doctor Who* stories to be part of an over-arcing plot (the Black Guardian/Turlough trilogy), and the strands of this are woven into the fabric of the story. The Black Guardian threatens Turlough with perpetual imprisonment on the ship, and the Doctor realises that the race's prize may well be what the White Guardian had tried to warn him about in Part One – and given that he knows something of the nature of the Guardians, this adds weight to the consequences of the race. Add another subplot in which Eternal Marriner appears to fall in love with Ephemeral Tegan, and we see just how many lines of involvement are opened up in the space of 25 minutes in one of the all-time great Part Twos.

Another good example, albeit with slightly fewer points of attack, is *Nightmare of Eden*. Here, someone has escaped from a projection of the planet Eden, and is running around the ship armed with a laser pistol; the Doctor is trying to separate two ships crashed in hyperspace, but finds his efforts frustrated by the apparent apathy of Captain Rigg, who has been drugged with the narcotic vraxoin by an unseen saboteur; eventually, two space cops turn up and find the drug in the Doctor's pocket; finally, the Doctor and Romana flee their pursuers and leap into the unstable Eden projection. Recounted at that pace it sounds like farce, and in a way it is – but the 25-minute serial format can sustain this sort of action without seeming overworked. Pennant Roberts, one of the show's directors in this era, saw *Doctor Who* as being wholly dependent on "a kind of adventure shorthand and rapid pace".

Part Two can also add a new threat to that established in Part One. The opener to *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Nine to Twelve concentrates on the single complication of the sinister seed pods residing in the hold, while its second instalment centres around the mysterious Isolation Room. At the end of that episode the nature of Lasky's human/plant experiments is uncovered. If, as one school of thought believes, the stories of writers Pip and Jane Baker exhibit a slavish adherence to the *Doctor Who* format, we should perhaps expect their tales to work well at a structural level. At what point structure becomes a straitjacketing constraint or a joy-



It's murder! *Trial* Nine to Twelve

'I'm beginning to understand!'

Ten great (but not all that typical) Part Twos

The Ark The Plague

The Ark is strictly bisected into two two-part adventures, giving us an unsurprisingly unsatisfying conclusion to a slight (and rather twee) story after about 45 minutes. Where the episode redeems itself is with the twist at the axis – the trick of making us think the story is over when it isn't hadn't been pulled off so well since the first Dalek serial. As with so many 'shock' turning points, it works because it's different; you couldn't do it every week

The Mind Robber Part Two

An unusual Part Two is often forced to complete a set-up left unfinished in Part One. Here, this is more explicit than usual because, of course, this *was* actually Part One of a story set in the Land of Fiction –

less exercise in join-the-dots is, of course, a topic for subjective debate, no matter who the authors under discussion.

But what all these progressive complications are doing is raising the stakes. Stories should build, build and build – as *Enlightenment* does. Every scene should progress the story onward and upward, layering complexity and providing potential for ever greater conflict and struggle. The important caveat is that actions and threats must never retreat or diminish in magnitude – once a course is set for a final, inevitable showdown for the hero, he cannot spend time on trivialities that don't advance us toward his moment of truth. Such diversionary tactics might seem superficially exciting or engaging, but are likely to leave the viewer bored and restless as the real story stalls. Robert McKee recognises that the most common instances of such diversions will manifest themselves as "a glut of meaningless and absurdly violent conflict".

The *Doctor Who* writer most renowned for the action set-piece is Eric Saward. Looking to the most Sawardian of scripts, *Earthshock* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*, we can see him break McKee's rule on numerous counts. In Part Two of the four-part *Resurrection*, the Doctor doesn't meet Davros – quite rightly, this confrontation ought to be reserved for the finale – but nor does he progress toward Davros. The audience knows that the evil genius was freed from his incarceration at the end of Part One, but by the end of Part Two the Doctor isn't even aware of Davros' involvement. Instead the story treads water, leading to an unsatisfactory disparity between what is expected and what is delivered. In the episode's main diversion, a mutant crawls from the Dalek wreckage and goes on the loose while the Doctor pokes around the warehouse looking for it. If the mutant turned out to be a new strain of super mutant which Davros was seeking to develop further, or if it were taken to Skaro to be installed as Emperor, this would perform some valid function. As it is, this strand is completely isolated, only serving to keep the Doctor (barely) occupied while more interesting things go on elsewhere.

Better late than never: the Doctor finally finds the button that switches on the story. *Vengeance on Varos*

Forces of evil menace the Doctor from the start of Part Two, increasing the pressure

Earthshock commits other offences, most clearly observable in the handover between Parts One and Two. Part One concerns the mysterious deaths of a group of paeleontologists and the efforts of a squad of troops to find their killers. The Doctor engages with the story by, predictably, being apprehended as a spy. Black androids guard a hatch – until suddenly, in a scene that appears to have been taped from a different programme, we realise that the Cybermen are watching. Ignoring for now the illogical cheat of having androids and not Cybermen guards for the sake of a surprise cliffhanger, we move onto Part Two, in which the hatch is found to contain a bomb. Tension is evoked through the attempts of Adric and the Doctor to defuse it. Hackneyed but acceptable – except that, once it is defused, the Cybermen just move on to an unrelated Plan B; there's no connection, no build. Everyone just relocates from the caves on Earth to the space freighter where the detonation signal is thought to be coming from, and we must pause for a second set of introductions.

Such relocation is horizontal – a move sideways rather than a vertical climb to the apex (or climax) of the story. McKee suggests that the best stories will develop with an important principle in mind: the writer should not proliferate characters or multiply locations, but discipline him or herself to a contained cast and world with a richer complexity, in preference to "hopscotching through time, space and people". Good advice (we can only surmise that McKee has actually seen *The Chase!*) – and advice which could be applied to *Doctor Who* as the 'No TARDIS' rule. Limit use of the TARDIS to providing only entry point and closure, and you resist the temptation to go off at a tangent. Many of the Troughton 'base under siege' stories work very well at least on that level, featuring a constrained location and cast, and no visible means of escape from the threat. The formula was only undermined through repetition.

Anyone watching *Resurrection of the Daleks* might wonder why one should bother with 'middle' at all. Wouldn't it be better if, in Part One, the Doctor landed, met someone in trouble and resolved to fix things, then faced the villain with a successful outcome in Part Two? Well, no – and for evidence, look at any two-parter. As enjoyable and well made as *Black Orchid*, *The Awakening* and the rest might be, they don't work as *Doctor Who*. In *The Sontaran Experiment*, the Doctor meets some astronauts and has just about learned their names when he's challenging Styre to a fight; Harry disconnects the ming-mongs and it's all over. Part-way through Vural is revealed as a spy. Who cares? We haven't had time to learn anything about him, so the unmasking does not counter any kind of built-up expectation.

Parts Two and Three are not dead time or filler – you need at least one episode between introduction and resolution. Here we can learn how the villain

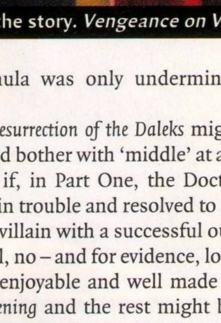
and hence is required to provide all the introduction and exploration which Derrick Sherwin, writer of the almost entirely abstract opening episode, didn't provide

Planet of the Spiders Part Two

It's odd than 25 minutes of television can be quite so entertaining even given that nothing at all happens for the duration – but this indulgence of James Bond fantasies works, albeit probably only as an exception to the rule. *Doctor Who* isn't really about car chases (it's about running up and down corridors . . .)

The Seeds of Doom Part Two

In this instance, your actual 'dog leg' is merely a two-part *hors d'oeuvre* for the rest of the story. Behaves almost exactly like the latter half of a simple two-parter, except there's a cliffhanger to lead us into Part Three as we wait to learn the fate of the Doctor and Sarah in an explosion. There's no build-up, just tension heaped on with a trowel as the Krynoid stalks the corridors of the base. The pod is destroyed, and the Krynoid with it: game over. But, of course, there's *another* seed pod . . . and *that* one will take four episodes – and a fair bit of rebooting – to get rid of



The Invasion of Time Part Two

Okay, so we still don't really know what's going on – but, in a change to the ethos of Part One, we are allowed to glimpse under the Doctor's mask once or twice. So the audience starts to develop some suspicions as to an explanation for his behaviour, and the startling tease of the opening instalment continues naturally manifests his evil, and observe the hero struggling to assert himself. These instalments also provide the opportunity to accumulate information, some of which will be false and can be overturned with a surprise. Chop out the middle and victory is shallow, too easily achieved. The difficulty in effecting this build-up is clear, given the oft-voiced fan opinion that many stories – four-part stories at that, never mind seven, eight or ten episodes – can seem overlong.

We have already reaffirmed the notion of the four-parter as the *de facto Doctor Who* format, and also possibly its ideal. But *Doctor Who* saw several changes in broadcast format and transmission pattern in the UK alone. When the show moved back to Saturdays for Season 22, BBC1 Controller Alan Hart decided it would be as 13 episodes, each 45 minutes long – a decision reputedly on the cards before *Resurrection of the Daleks* was, by necessity, broadcast in the same format. The decision is likely to have been based purely on scheduling concerns rather than any perceived weakness in the format, with any consequent changes in story dynamics being the prerogative of producer John Nathan-Turner and script editor Eric Saward. Looking back at the single season in which the format was attempted, it seems the team never quite got to grips with it. It was no doubt a massive task – adapting the story shape itself would be difficult enough. Could they really overturn a set of audience expectations built up over 20 years of continuous transmission?

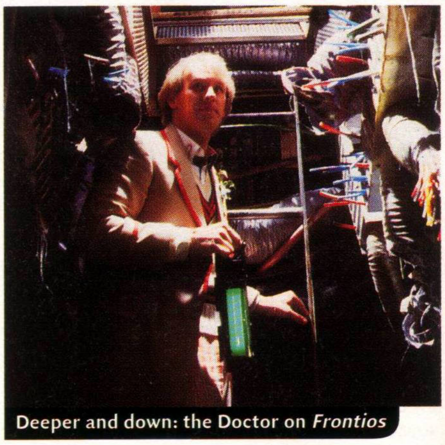
The Three Doctors splits in two, our heroes crossing over to the villain's domain half-way

'And if I press this button, we can skip straight to Episode Four!' *The Three Doctors*

Nathan-Turner was unambiguously positive – going so far as to claim that the show loaned itself more easily to this new format than to the style that had hitherto lasted since 1963 – and particularly excited that the change would "provide an opportunity for us . . . to examine the relationship between the Doctor and his companion . . . and to find out more about the guest characters". These intentions are clearly visible in the end product, but with unforeseen and less than successful results. The sought-after additional depth amounted to little more than very long conversations between the Doctor and Peri. Whether or not you enjoy the gags and spats, the method of their deployment only serves to hold up the stories. Arguments three or four minutes long, often situated in the TARDIS console room, are unconnected to anything else on show in the episode. True characterisation would be far better displayed through frank exchanges within a fraught situation, or demonstrated by actions and reactions to pressure environments, rather than by showing two people heatedly and repeatedly chatting about who they are. That rule again: show don't tell.

In *Vengeance on Varos* there are no less than three such scenes in the first 17 minutes, none of which have anything to do with events on Varos. Twenty minutes in, yet another TARDIS scene finally sees the Doctor resolving to fix a power failure through a trip to Varos to obtain Zeiton-7, providing an entry point into the story for the Doctor and Peri which results in them materialising in the punishment chambers. This occurs at the 23-minute mark – the exact midpoint of the episode, and where the 'old-style' first episode would have ended. Immediately, a rushed and rather suspect engagement for the Doctor sees him freeing Jondar simply because, thus far, he's "the only one who hasn't tried to kill us". In all of two minutes on the planet, that's hardly surprising. *Timelash* also has the TARDIS land about 23 minutes in – and *Revelation of the Daleks* is notorious for the fact that the Doctor is completely uninvolved in the main action for the whole of the first 45 minutes, bar a brief set-to with a runaway mutant. So, despite some wonderful characters and wordplay, the first episode is dull in parts – purely due to structural faults.

The late involvement of the Doctor and companion made these stories appear less than, well, involving. Perhaps the secret of holding the interest after the customary introductions is to show our hero's outrage; let the audience feel the



Deeper and down: the Doctor on *Frontios*

Logopolis Part Two and **Castrovalva** Part Two

The structure of these Christopher H Bidmead scripts is actually quite odd. Part One of both is, effectively, not so much a teaser or trailer but a *prologue* to the remainder of the story (see also *The Mind Robber*). In each case the Doctor's impending/recent regeneration looms large over the opening episode, and it's not until near the end of the second instalment that we actually get to the titular setting. Strictly, then, Part One has been little more than a diversion and doesn't completely fulfil its proper function

The Twin Dilemma Part Two

Although this both starts and ends with a pointless diversion of a cliffhanger, and there could be complaints about the execution, structurally it is fairly sound. As with *Earthshock* and some similarly weak structures, the story changes location several times – in this episode, shifting from site of Hugo Lang's spaceship crash to the safe house on Titan Three. However, these movements serve to propel the Doctor closer to the centre of the story which was being told from the beginning – and are thus acceptable, *motivated* relocations toward crisis. And, unlike the preceding example, the story progresses onward in parallel with the effects of the Doctor's regeneration rather than waiting for it, and so Part Two can be structured rather more conventionally

Remembrance of the Daleks
Part Two

This surprised everyone in 1988 by being at least as good as the gung-ho opening instalment –

Doctor's interim defeats at the hands of his enemies, and see events spiral out of his control, in order for the threat to hit home. If the forces of evil impinge upon the Doctor from the outset of the standard Part Two, that will emphasise the pressure he is under. Nathan-Turner felt that constructing a 45-minute episode as a compilation of two fast-running instalments was off-putting – but on the admittedly scant evidence to hand, it's difficult to agree. Looking to *Resurrection of the Daleks* – or even the *Doctor Who and the Monsters* repeats of 1982 – it's hard to see why a two-parter cannot be written as a conflated four-parter. Does the cliffhanger midway through really jar? An extension of Dennis Spooner's 'dramatic W' to a 'dramatic double-W' seems perfectly valid. Had the stories of Season 22 been devised like this, perhaps their pronounced structural problems would not have happened. So while the 45-minute format may have appeared not to work, that isn't to say that it couldn't work. Structure is not broadcast format; structure works within formats, and given time for reflection on the season and a bit more practice, a new structure could have developed. With the show postponed midway through the season, the 45- minute format became a baby thrown out with the bathwater.

The final countdown: Adric and the Doctor defuse an explosive situation in *Earthshock*

A less obvious format change was wrought when the 25-minute episode Davison stories were broadcast in two instalments per week. The time-frame of viewing a four-parter was thus greatly reduced from 21 days over four Saturdays to a total of eight days, with two episodes on consecutive nights each week, leading to two subtle but nonetheless important structural changes. First of all, there was now less need for recapping in each part (look to *Genesis of the Daleks* – in the first few minutes of each episode someone has to restate the need to regain the Time Ring). More noticeably, while structurally each episode worked in largely the same manner as before, the second cliffhanger became more significant – it had the onus of bridging the week-long gap between parts Two and Three. In some stories this gap became an axis that bisected the story. *Frontios* is very well bisected, the two halves delineated as Above/Below. In Parts One and Two we find out about the colony, become curious about its secrets, and follow a trail which leads underground. The second half is set in the caves and features the Tractators, elements which the first half led us towards. It's a neat construction that at its most general level can be described as Outside/Inside, the introduction, intrigue and involvement of One and Two leading us to the 'battleground' of Three and Four.

Earthshock Part Two commits many offences against structure – losing tension and build

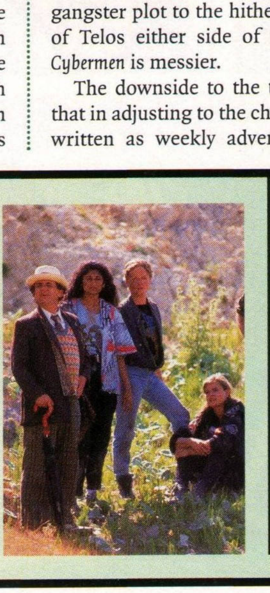
Such stories did, of course, occur outside of the Davison era. *Nightmare of Eden* is beautifully constructed along Outside/Inside lines, around its central driving plot device, the CET machine. All roads lead to Eden and, with satisfying inevitability, the Doctor and Romana jump into the projection at the end of Part Two. It's a glorious 'twist' which surely everyone saw coming. *The Three Doctors* is bisected similarly, our heroes finally crossing the previously glimpsed 'Time Bridge' to the domain of the villain halfway through. Hopscotching from a London gangster plot to the hitherto unmentioned Cryons of Telos either side of the axis in *Attack of the Cybermen* is messier.

The downside to the twice-weekly format was that in adjusting to the changes, some four-parters written as weekly adventures had to be shoehorned into the new shape, and ended up looking contrived. *Time-Flight* illogically stalls for most of its second episode while the Doctor and Kalid – a villain we have only just met – chat away about a false plot, seemingly to delay the provision of a forced cliffhanger until the axis.

The Davison broadcast pattern was a short-lived variant on the four-part format, but clearly the same two-two format influences the structure of modern-day *Doctor Who*, as made by Big Finish – whose co-producer Gary Russell believes that the constraints of the medium, be it double cassette or double CD, leads to the same sort of axis or 'flipping point', insisting that "the most important episode is episode two – once someone has put the CD in, they'll probably listen to the first two episodes. The hardest job is to put a cliffhanger at the end of episode two which makes people want to put the second CD in. The best example is *The Apocalypse Element*, which has my favourite line of all: 'The Daleks have invaded Gallifrey!' And if you're going to do cliffhangers, every episode two ending has to be an equivalent of that."

So in the space of 25 minutes, resolution of Part One's enigma has paved the way for the Doctor's further involvement in affairs, progressive complications have tested his mettle – and the Daleks have invaded Gallifrey. Tune in in two issues' time to see how he deals with *that* . . . DWM

although pace and tone are both brought down a few notches with the first hints that the Doctor isn't behaving quite how we might expect. So while Part One alternately teases and dazzles to superb effect, Part Two starts to delve into the themes – racism being the prime example, with Ace's disgust of institutionalised 1960s bigotry – while posing a few more questions to add to the shedful we already had. That's the way to do it



Survival Part Two

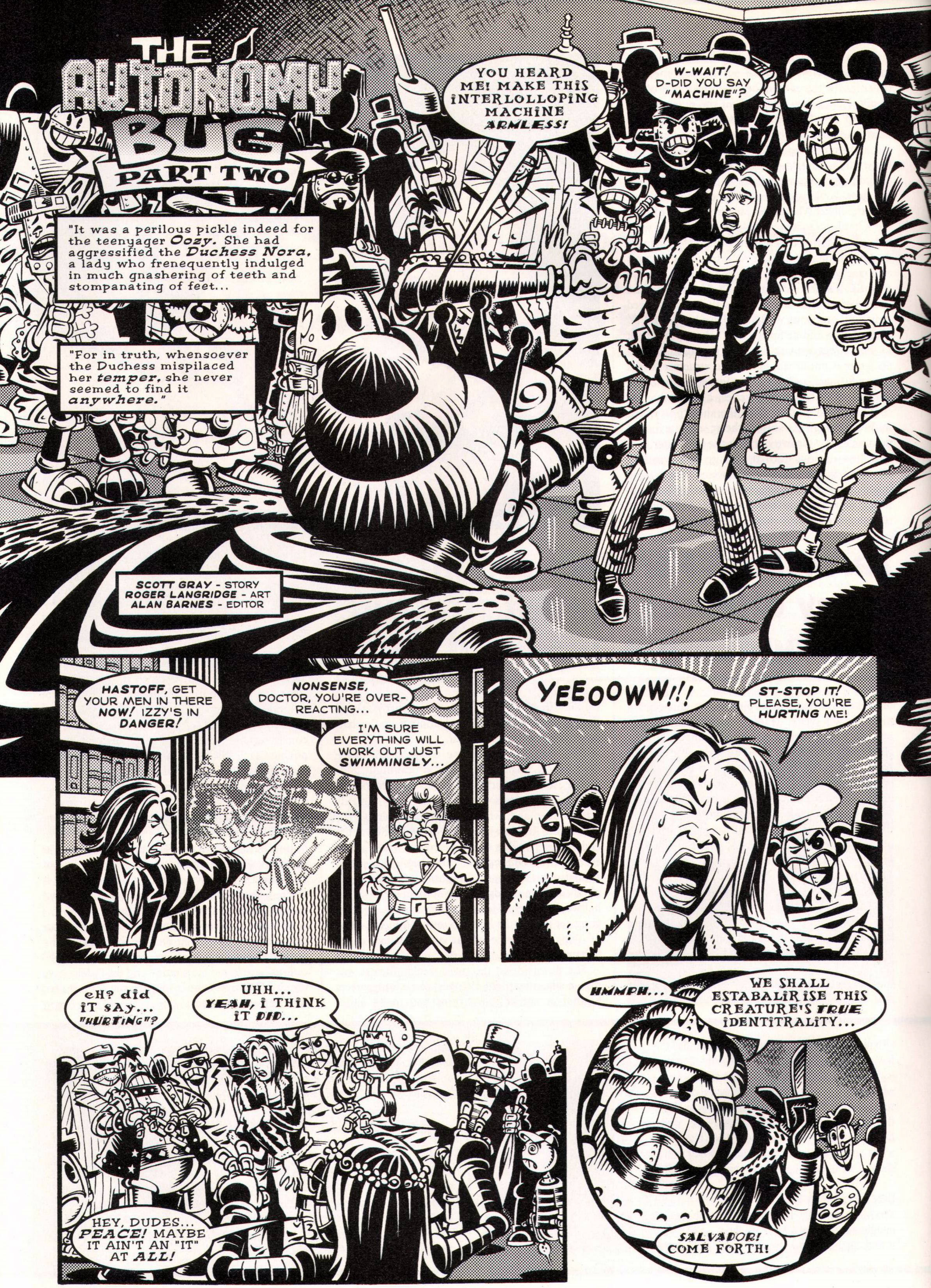
Survival is perfectly delineated into three acts – the middle episode shifts location, the final one shifts it back again. The movements are actually *part* of both plot and theme – the instalments represent hunger (or, in the Doctor's case, curiosity), hunting, then returning home with prey. The middle segment is an odd but utterly essential diversion from the identifiable 'home' on either side. An excursion away from safety for 25 minutes, in fact

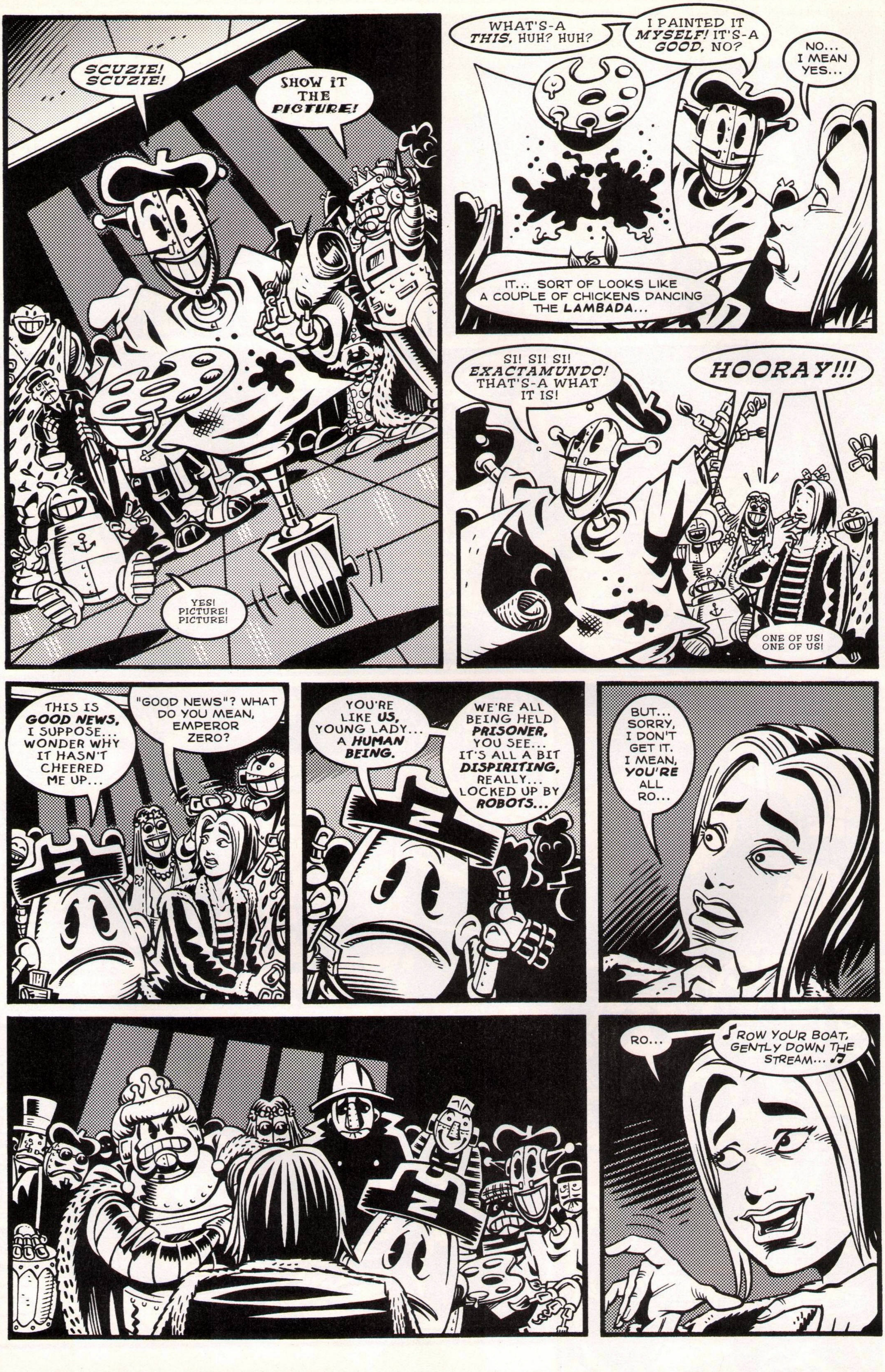
. . . and one that's not much cop

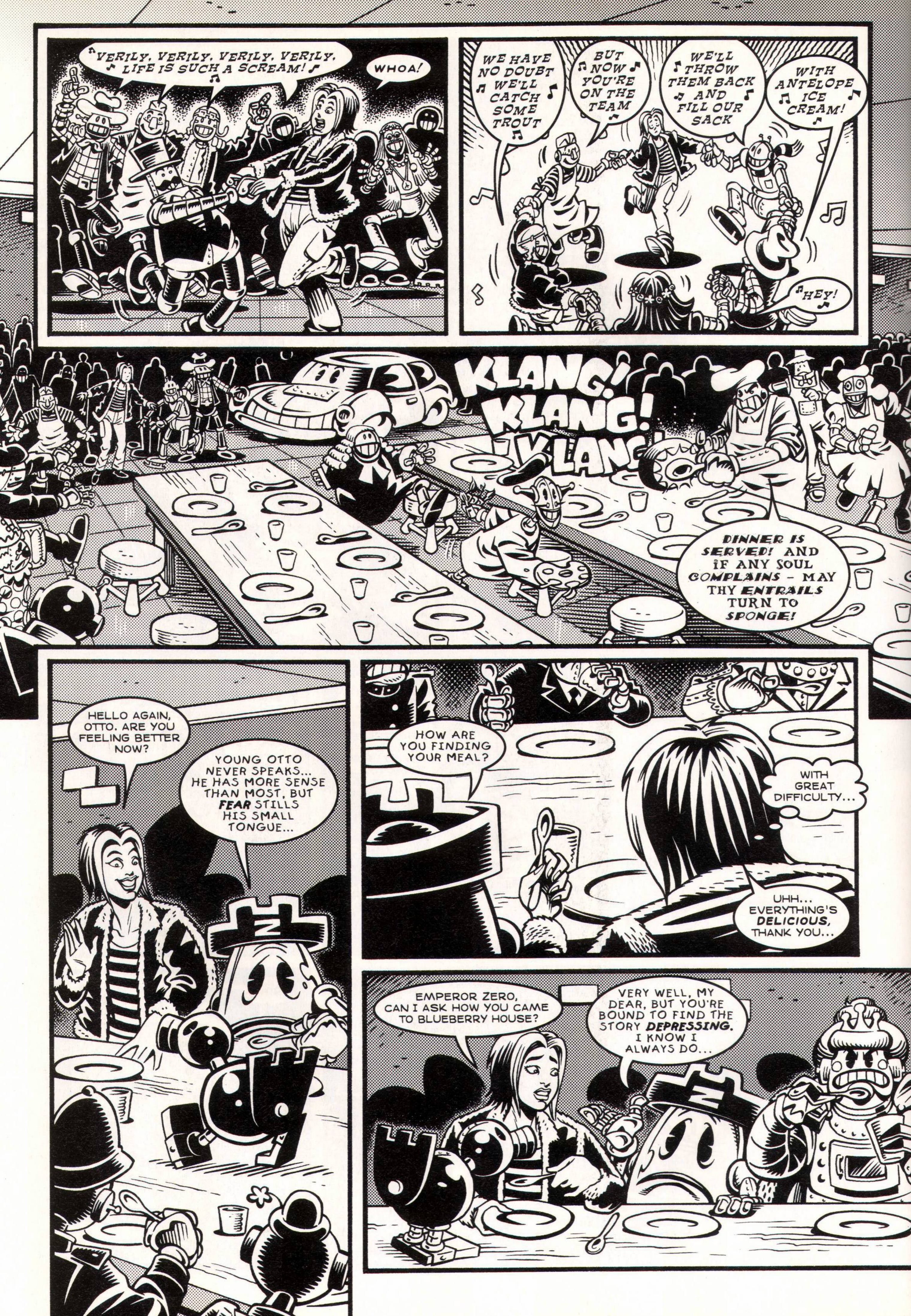
The Space Museum The Dimensions of Time

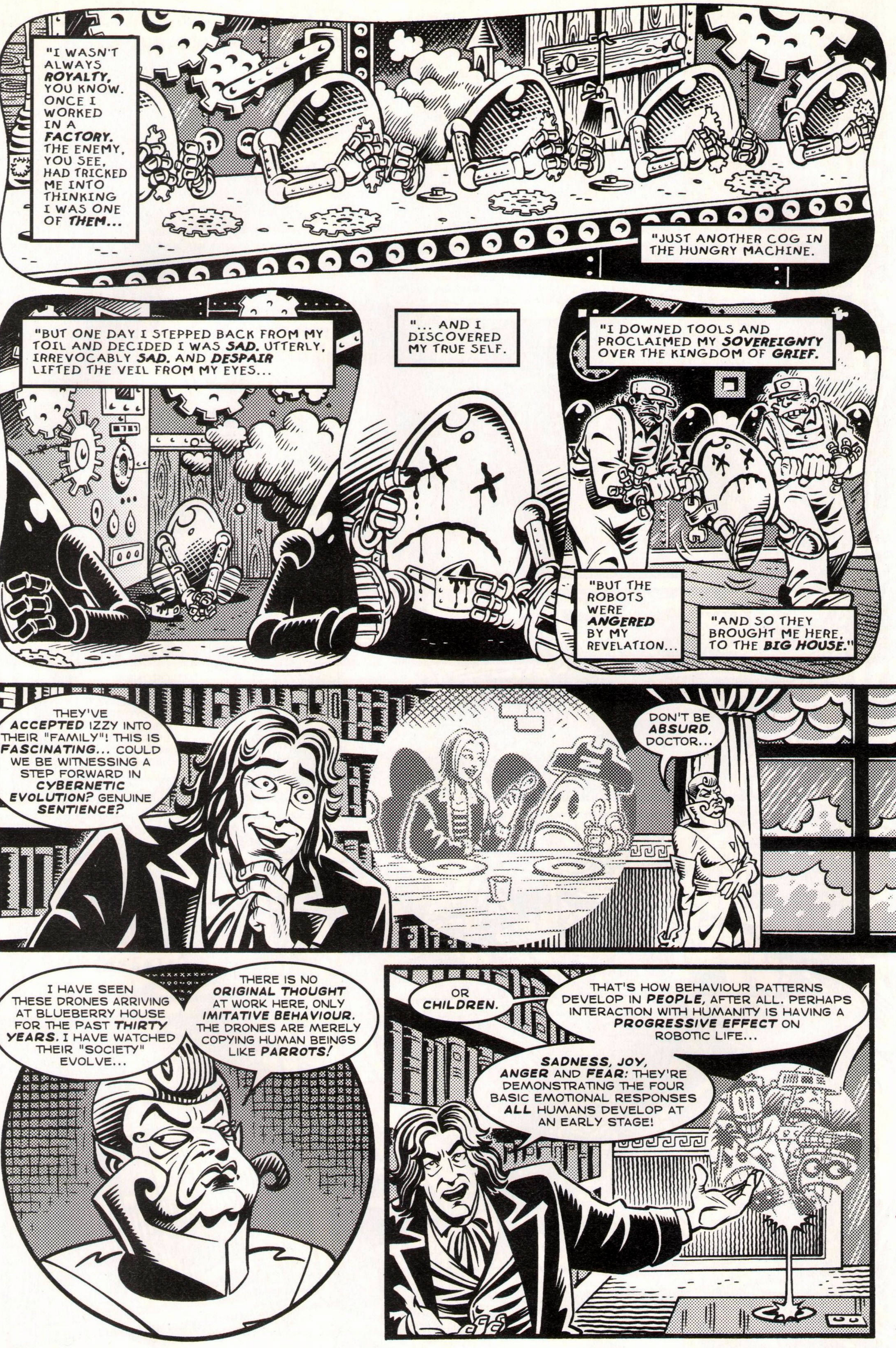
Commits a simple cardinal sin by failing to run with any of the fascinating concepts set up in the first episode, *The Space Museum*. Remember what we said last time round about the first episode of this story being, in isolation, highly promising? Well, this is proof that individual episodes *can't* be devised in isolation. Tedious and derivative, coming just one week after something that was very different and imaginative, this is one great big let-down

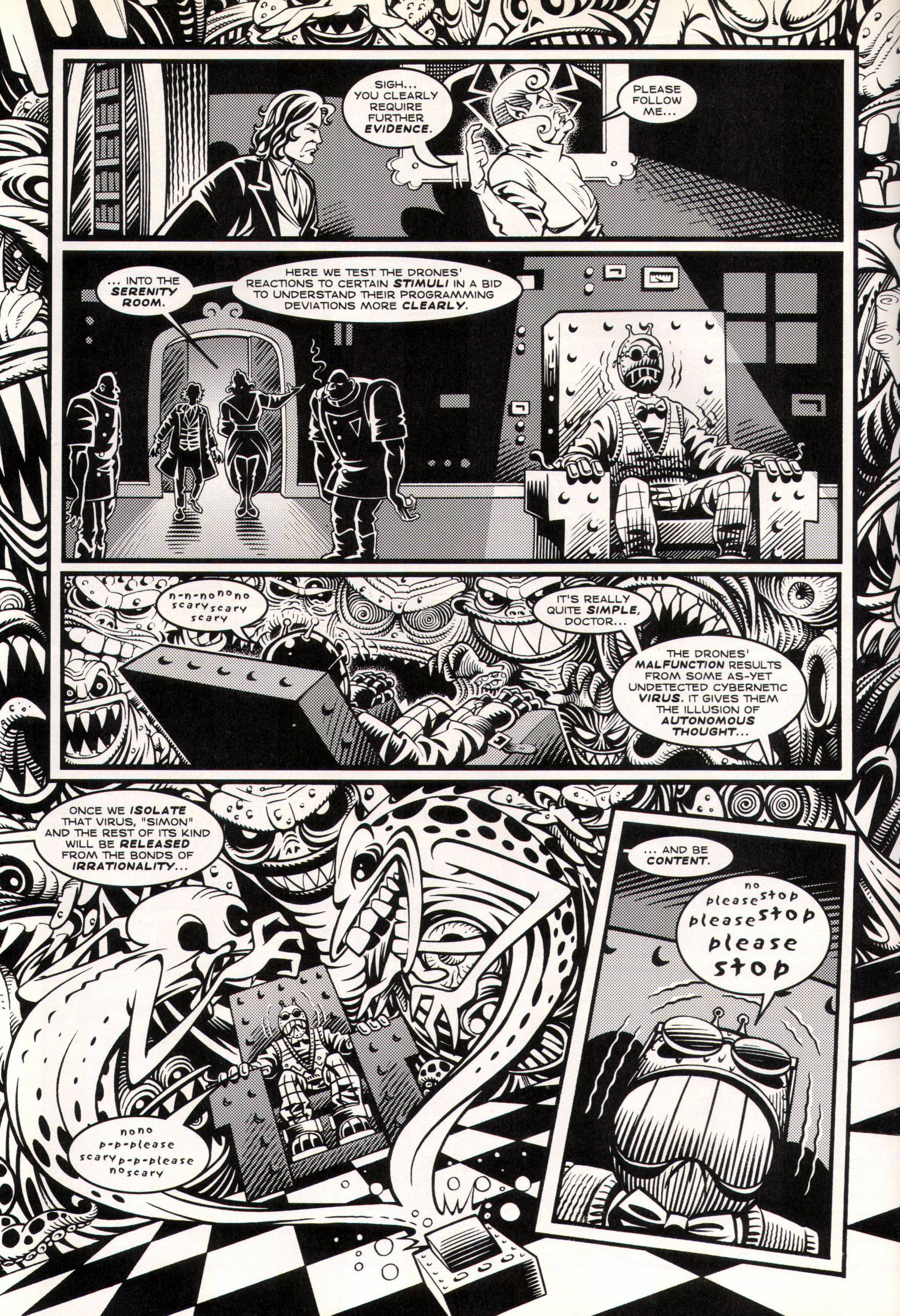
THE AUTONOMY BUG
PART TWO

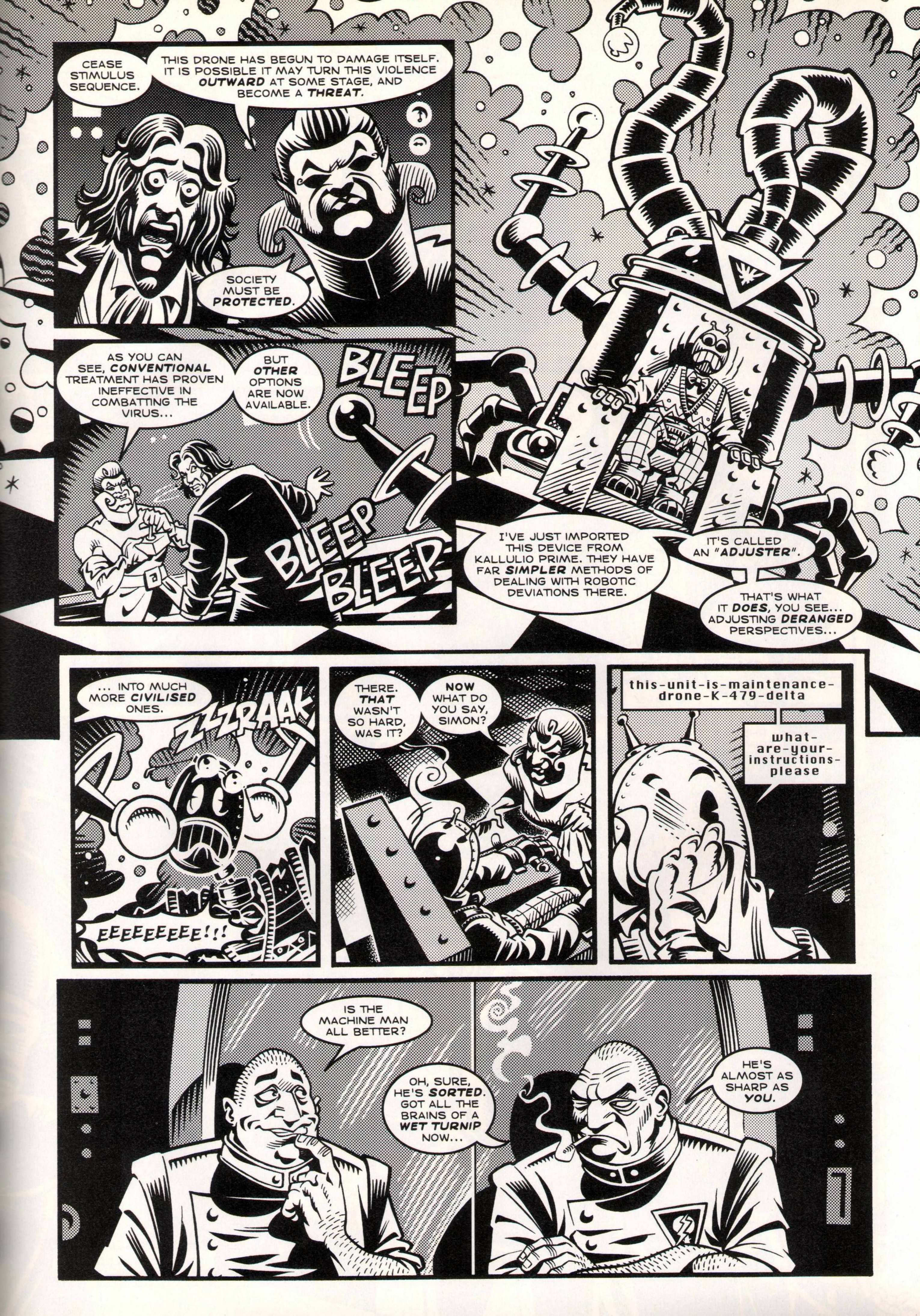

"It was a perilous pickle indeed for the teenyager *Oozy.* She had aggressified the *Duchess Nora,* a lady who frenequently indulged in much gnashering of teeth and stompanating of feet...
"For in truth, whensoever the Duchess mispilaced her *temper,* she never seemed to find it *anywhere.*"
YOU HEARD ME! MAKE THIS INTERLOLLOPING MACHINE ***ARMLESS!***
W-WAIT! D-DID YOU SAY "***MACHINE***"?
SCOTT GRAY - STORY
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR
HASTOFF, GET YOUR MEN IN THERE ***NOW!*** IZZY'S IN ***DANGER!***
NONSENSE, DOCTOR, YOU'RE OVER-REACTING...
I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT JUST ***SWIMMINGLY...***
YEEOOWW!!!
ST-STOP IT! PLEASE, YOU'RE ***HURTING*** ME!
eH? did IT SAY... "HURTING"?
UHH... ***YEAH,*** I THINK IT ***DID...***
HEY, DUDES... ***PEACE!*** MAYBE IT AIN'T AN "IT" AT ***ALL!***
HMMPH...
WE SHALL ESTABALIRISE THIS CREATURE'S ***TRUE*** IDENTITRALITY...
SALVADOR! COME FORTH!

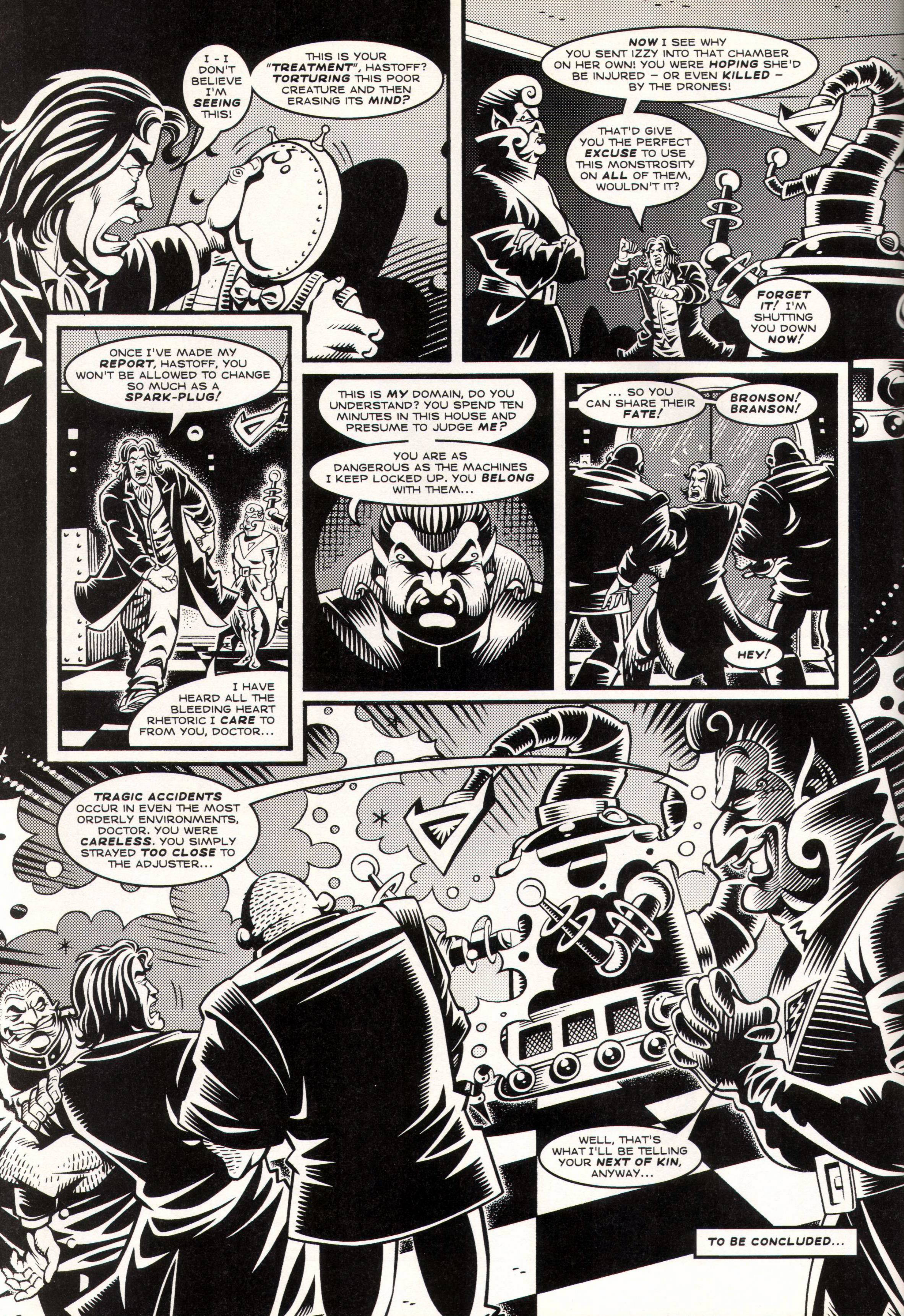

SCUZIE! SCUZIE!
SHOW IT THE **PICTURE!**
YES! PICTURE! PICTURE!
WHAT'S-A **THIS,** HUH? HUH?
I PAINTED IT **MYSELF!** IT'S-A **GOOD,** NO?
NO... I MEAN YES...
IT... SORT OF LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE OF CHICKENS DANCING THE **LAMBADA...**
SI! SI! SI! **EXACTAMUNDO!** THAT'S-A WHAT IT IS!
HOORAY!!!
ONE OF US! ONE OF US!
THIS IS **GOOD NEWS,** I SUPPOSE... WONDER WHY IT HASN'T CHEERED ME UP...
"GOOD NEWS"? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EMPEROR ZERO?
YOU'RE LIKE **US,** YOUNG LADY... A **HUMAN BEING.**
WE'RE ALL BEING HELD **PRISONER,** YOU SEE... IT'S ALL A BIT **DISPIRITING,** REALLY... LOCKED UP BY **ROBOTS...**
BUT... SORRY, I DON'T GET IT. I MEAN, **YOU'RE** ALL RO...
RO...
♪ROW YOUR BOAT, GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM...♪


VERILY, VERILY, VERILY, VERILY, LIFE IS SUCH A SCREAM!
WHOA!
WE HAVE NO DOUBT WE'LL CATCH SOME TROUT
BUT NOW YOU'RE ON THE TEAM
WE'LL THROW THEM BACK AND FILL OUR SACK
WITH ANTELOPE ICE CREAM!
HEY!
KLANG! KLANG! KLANG!
DINNER IS SERVED! AND IF ANY SOUL COMPLAINS - MAY THY ENTRAILS TURN TO SPONGE!
HELLO AGAIN, OTTO. ARE YOU FEELING BETTER NOW?
YOUNG OTTO NEVER SPEAKS... HE HAS MORE SENSE THAN MOST, BUT FEAR STILLS HIS SMALL TONGUE...
HOW ARE YOU FINDING YOUR MEAL?
WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY...
UHH... EVERYTHING'S DELICIOUS, THANK YOU...
EMPEROR ZERO, CAN I ASK HOW YOU CAME TO BLUEBERRY HOUSE?
VERY WELL, MY DEAR, BUT YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND THE STORY DEPRESSING. I KNOW I ALWAYS DO...


"I WASN'T ALWAYS **ROYALTY,** YOU KNOW. ONCE I WORKED IN A **FACTORY.** THE ENEMY, YOU SEE, HAD TRICKED ME INTO THINKING I WAS ONE OF **THEM...**
"JUST ANOTHER COG IN THE HUNGRY MACHINE.
"BUT ONE DAY I STEPPED BACK FROM MY TOIL AND DECIDED I WAS **SAD.** UTTERLY, IRREVOCABLY **SAD.** AND **DESPAIR** LIFTED THE VEIL FROM MY EYES...
"... AND I DISCOVERED MY TRUE SELF.
"I DOWNED TOOLS AND PROCLAIMED MY **SOVEREIGNTY** OVER THE KINGDOM OF **GRIEF.**
"BUT THE ROBOTS WERE **ANGERED** BY MY REVELATION...
"AND SO THEY BROUGHT ME HERE, TO THE **BIG HOUSE.**"
THEY'VE **ACCEPTED** IZZY INTO THEIR "FAMILY"! THIS IS **FASCINATING...** COULD WE BE WITNESSING A STEP FORWARD IN **CYBERNETIC EVOLUTION?** GENUINE **SENTIENCE?**
DON'T BE **ABSURD,** DOCTOR...
I HAVE SEEN THESE DRONES ARRIVING AT BLUEBERRY HOUSE FOR THE PAST **THIRTY YEARS.** I HAVE WATCHED THEIR "SOCIETY" EVOLVE...
THERE IS NO **ORIGINAL THOUGHT** AT WORK HERE, ONLY **IMITATIVE BEHAVIOUR.** THE DRONES ARE MERELY COPYING HUMAN BEINGS LIKE **PARROTS!**
OR **CHILDREN.**
THAT'S HOW BEHAVIOUR PATTERNS DEVELOP IN **PEOPLE,** AFTER ALL. PERHAPS INTERACTION WITH HUMANITY IS HAVING A **PROGRESSIVE EFFECT** ON ROBOTIC LIFE...
SADNESS, JOY, ANGER AND **FEAR:** THEY'RE DEMONSTRATING THE FOUR BASIC EMOTIONAL RESPONSES **ALL** HUMANS DEVELOP AT AN EARLY STAGE!


SIGH... YOU CLEARLY REQUIRE FURTHER **EVIDENCE**.
PLEASE FOLLOW ME...
... INTO THE **SERENITY ROOM**.
HERE WE TEST THE DRONES' REACTIONS TO CERTAIN **STIMULI** IN A BID TO UNDERSTAND THEIR PROGRAMMING DEVIATIONS MORE **CLEARLY**.
n-n-nonono scaryscary scary
IT'S REALLY QUITE **SIMPLE**, DOCTOR...
THE DRONES' **MALFUNCTION** RESULTS FROM SOME AS-YET UNDETECTED CYBERNETIC **VIRUS**. IT GIVES THEM THE ILLUSION OF **AUTONOMOUS THOUGHT**...
ONCE WE **ISOLATE** THAT VIRUS, "SIMON" AND THE REST OF ITS KIND WILL BE **RELEASED** FROM THE BONDS OF **IRRATIONALITY**...
nono p-p-please scary p-p-please no scary
... AND BE **CONTENT**.
no please stop please stop please stop


CEASE STIMULUS SEQUENCE.
THIS DRONE HAS BEGUN TO DAMAGE ITSELF. IT IS POSSIBLE IT MAY TURN THIS VIOLENCE **OUTWARD** AT SOME STAGE, AND BECOME A **THREAT**.
SOCIETY MUST BE **PROTECTED**.
AS YOU CAN SEE, **CONVENTIONAL** TREATMENT HAS PROVEN INEFFECTIVE IN COMBATTING THE VIRUS...
BUT **OTHER** OPTIONS ARE NOW AVAILABLE.
BLEEP
BLEEP BLEEP
I'VE JUST IMPORTED THIS DEVICE FROM KALLULIO PRIME. THEY HAVE FAR **SIMPLER** METHODS OF DEALING WITH ROBOTIC DEVIATIONS THERE.
IT'S CALLED AN **"ADJUSTER"**.
THAT'S WHAT IT **DOES**, YOU SEE... ADJUSTING **DERANGED** PERSPECTIVES...
... INTO MUCH MORE **CIVILISED** ONES.
ZZZRAAK
EEEEEEEEE!!!
THERE. **THAT** WASN'T SO HARD, WAS IT?
NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIMON?
this-unit-is-maintenance-drone-K-479-delta
what-are-your-instructions-please
IS THE MACHINE MAN ALL BETTER?
OH, SURE, HE'S **SORTED**. GOT ALL THE BRAINS OF A **WET TURNIP** NOW...
HE'S ALMOST AS SHARP AS **YOU**.


I - I DON'T BELIEVE I'M SEEING THIS!
THIS IS YOUR "TREATMENT", HASTOFF? TORTURING THIS POOR CREATURE AND THEN ERASING ITS MIND?
NOW I SEE WHY YOU SENT IZZY INTO THAT CHAMBER ON HER OWN! YOU WERE HOPING SHE'D BE INJURED – OR EVEN KILLED – BY THE DRONES!
THAT'D GIVE YOU THE PERFECT EXCUSE TO USE THIS MONSTROSITY ON ALL OF THEM, WOULDN'T IT?
FORGET IT! I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN NOW!
ONCE I'VE MADE MY REPORT, HASTOFF, YOU WON'T BE ALLOWED TO CHANGE SO MUCH AS A SPARK-PLUG!
I HAVE HEARD ALL THE BLEEDING HEART RHETORIC I CARE TO FROM YOU, DOCTOR...
THIS IS MY DOMAIN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU SPEND TEN MINUTES IN THIS HOUSE AND PRESUME TO JUDGE ME?
YOU ARE AS DANGEROUS AS THE MACHINES I KEEP LOCKED UP. YOU BELONG WITH THEM...
... SO YOU CAN SHARE THEIR FATE!
BRONSON! BRANSON!
HEY!
TRAGIC ACCIDENTS OCCUR IN EVEN THE MOST ORDERLY ENVIRONMENTS, DOCTOR. YOU WERE CARELESS. YOU SIMPLY STRAYED TOO CLOSE TO THE ADJUSTER...
WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE TELLING YOUR NEXT OF KIN, ANYWAY...
TO BE CONCLUDED...

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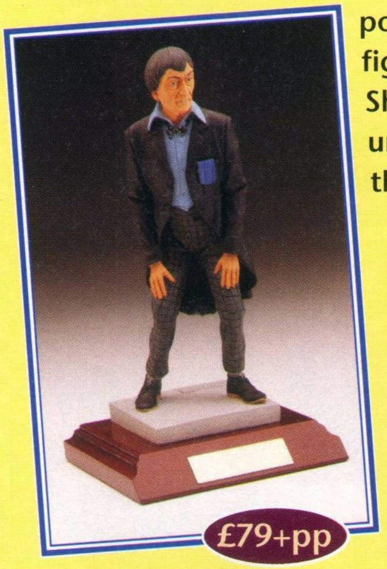

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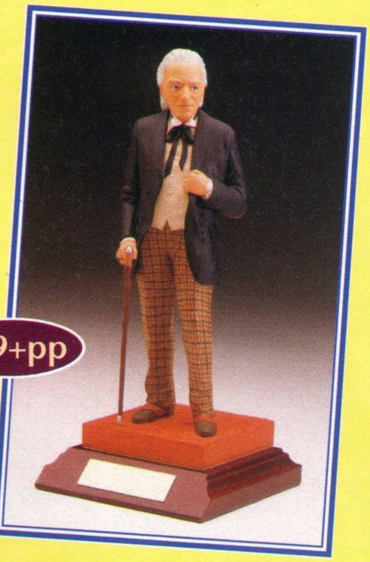

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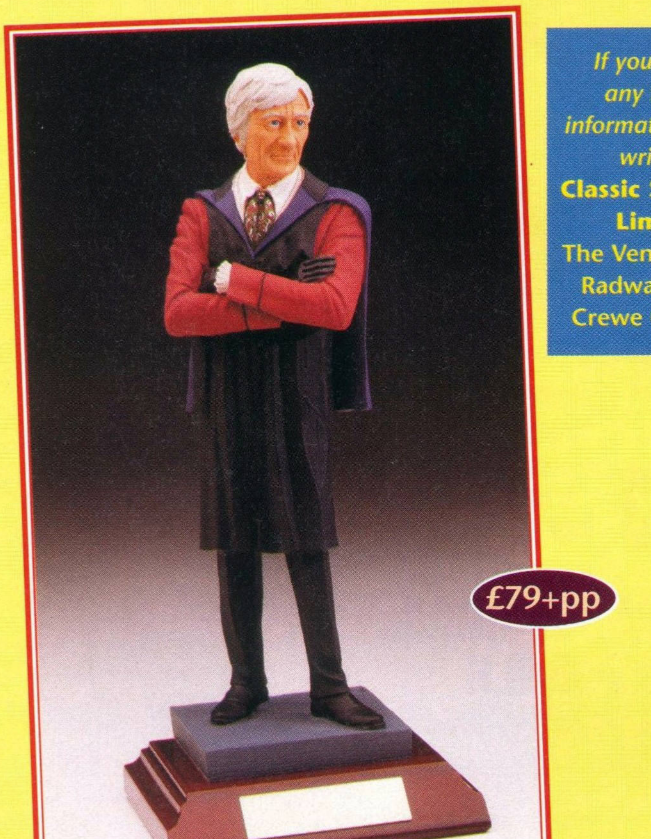

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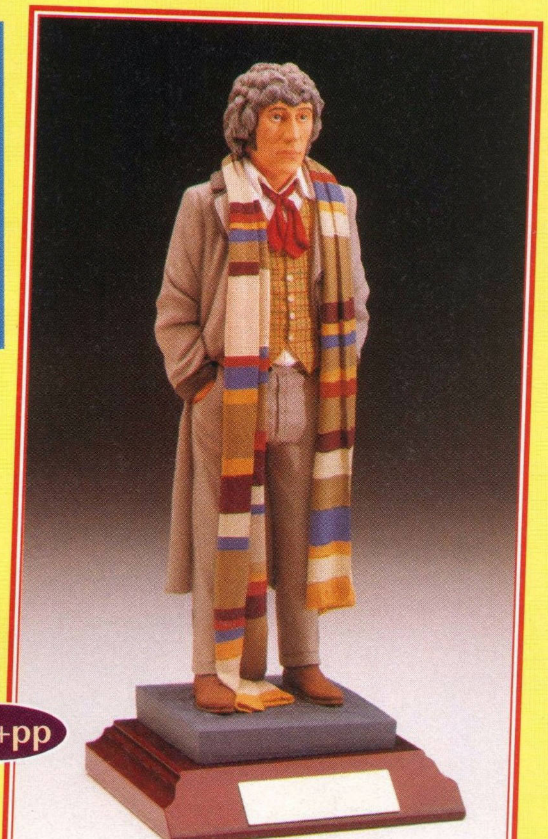

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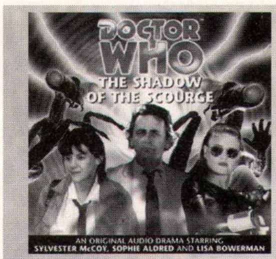
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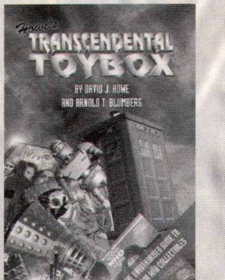
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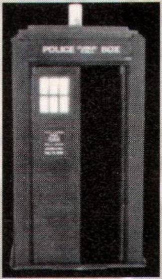

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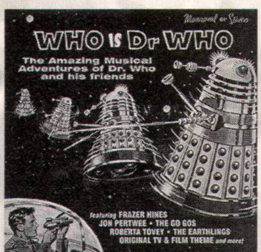
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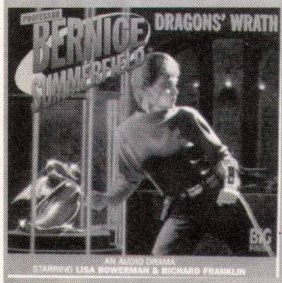
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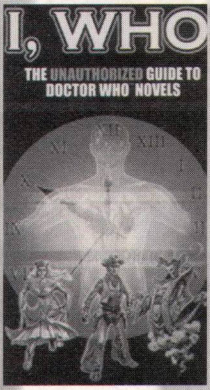
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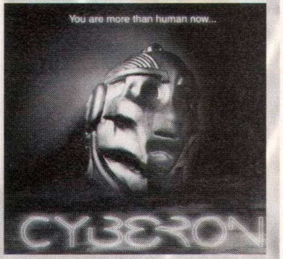
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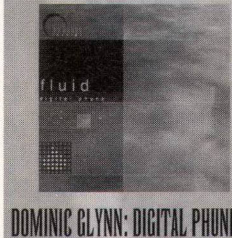

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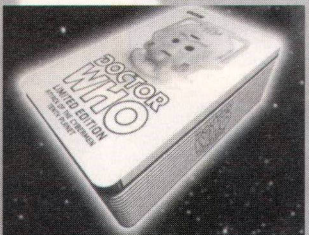
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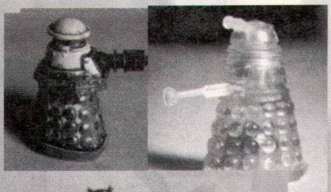

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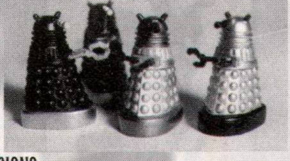

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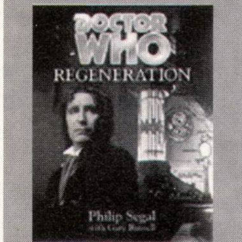
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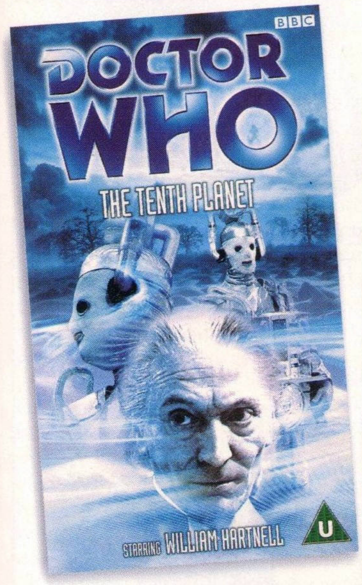


Reconstructed, the original Cybermen take Pole position

It would be easy to accuse both the stories contained in BBC Video's Christmas Cybertin – 1966's *The Tenth Planet*, complete with an exemplary reconstruction of its missing fourth instalment, and 1985's *Attack of the Cybermen* – of elevating style over content. Though the phrase is usually meant unkindly, I've never really been sold on the wrongness of the equation. Sure, in novels, style over content is a killer, conspiring to both patronise and seriously bore the reader. But in television, what's the alternative? Surely no-one believes that meagre content should be matched with meagre production; that naive scripts should be realised by equally artless directors? Who wants a reasonable story left reasonable when a little style could make it fantastic?

And of course, that pretty much describes *The Tenth Planet*; despite a wobbly plot which doesn't even come close to being thought through, it's played for all its worth like a straight-faced and claustrophobic submarine drama. Sunk beneath the Antarctic ice, Snowcap Tracking Station is as good as being underwater anyway. The story powers through every submarine-movie cliché – a war-horse commanding officer, mutiny, missile runs, radar scares – with the Doctor and company cast as both stowaways and collaborators. Only the cry of "Dive! Dive! Dive!" is missing.

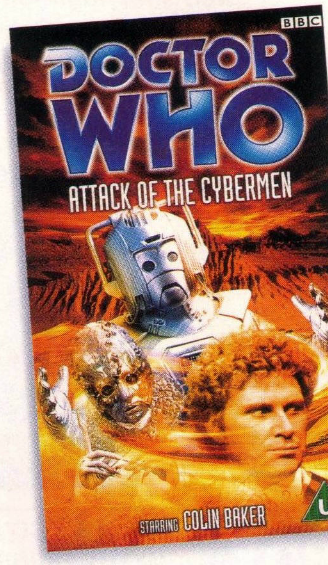
The dialogue's all style too; not the words so much as the delivery. Staccato lines – fast, overlapping and untidy – help give *The Tenth Planet* a real and contemporary feel. It looks even better today because it offers (for 1966) such a conservative view of the future. The fact that Kit Pedler, an accredited scientist, is part-responsible for the scripts curbs the series' natural instinct for exaggeration – and so Berkeley works in pullover, shirt and tie, not a high-collared silver suit, and the troubled space capsule isn't implicated in anything more fantastic than a routine orbit of the Earth. Pedler's restraint even stretches to the monsters of the piece, the Cybermen, making their series début. In the wake of later, sleeker models, these ungainly, Karloffian statues are often written off as crude first tries – something which misses the point spectacularly. The Cybermen are zombies given a sci-fi spin – dead men kept walking through scientific advancement – and showing the man as well as the machine is where the real horror lies. Completely odd and clearly distanced from gleaming robots, these originals easily eclipse all subsequent models.

The real weak link in *The Tenth Planet* seems to be co-author Gerry Davis. He can jack up the tension along with the best of them – indeed, the story makes it to half-time solely on shouting matches and confrontations – but after introducing Pedler's patched-up Cybermen, he's at a loss as to what he should do with them. So enter Mondas, the Cybermen's energy-depleted home-world.

The idea of Mondas running on empty is at best muddled and at worst totally nonsensical. What exactly is this energy that Mondas is all out of? And how does it drain its fresh supply from the Earth? Clearly it can, and does so quite a while before the Cybermen actually arrive. Which begs the question: why do the Cybermen need to invade at all? They bring nothing to Earth other than an explanation of their plan – which, although polite, is pointless. They're not even interested in finding bodies to pick apart. Towards the end, Davis gives up completely, forcing the viewer to make sense of the story's conclusion in whichever way suits them best. Suddenly, and inexplicably, Mondas, after doing exactly what it was supposed to, sucks up one energy unit too many and collapses into literal meltdown. Then, absurdly, when the now-homeless Cybermen really *do* need the Earth, they instead cook up a quick plan to destroy it. Cloth-heads!

Cybermen are generally lousy at picking scripts. Even so, *The Tenth Planet* is worth a dozen of the others. Perhaps because its cast bangs out each line like they really mean it. Or, more sentimentally, because it marks the Cybermen's début and the Doctor's first regeneration *The Tenth Planet*'s plot, in the end, seems its least important feature.

DOCTOR WHO: ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN



Cyber-thrills, spills and (literally) chills – but what's the point?

And now for something completely similar. Son of *Earthshock* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *Attack of the Cybermen* is the bastard offspring of all *Doctor Who*'s early 1980s poll-topping successes. If we are no longer taken with vapid, continuity-heavy tales of *Attack*'s kind, then fine – but viewing their type today, we must be mindful that, in 1985, *Attack*'s style (a cut-price *Star Wars*, albeit minus the zippy editing which helps switch off the brain) was very much the series' vogue.

The previous season had boasted three such shoot-'em-ups: *Warriors of the Deep*, *Resurrection of the Daleks* and *The Caves of Androzani*. In the immediate

***Attack of the Cybermen* is a lumbering thing, a story told in the absence of any original thought**

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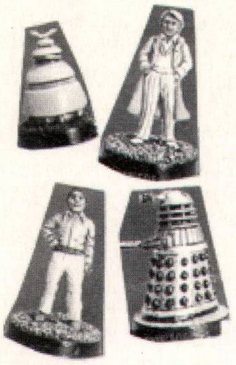

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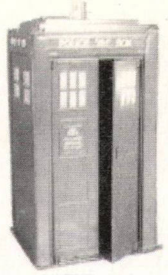

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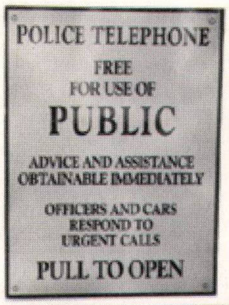
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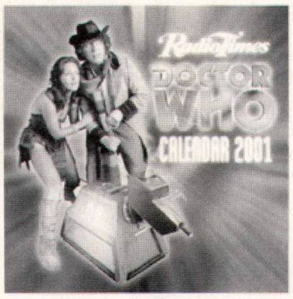
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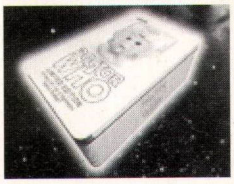

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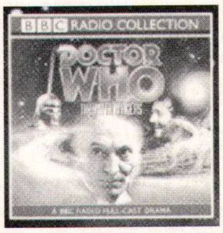
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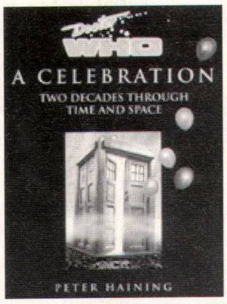
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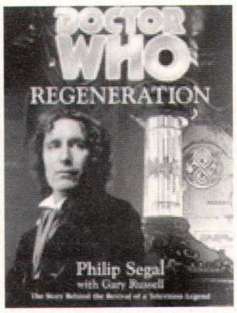
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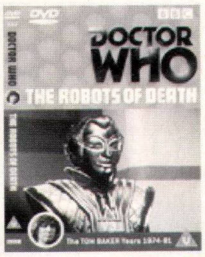
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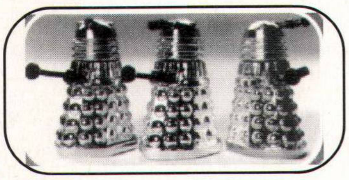
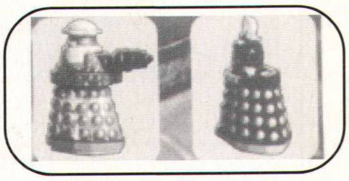
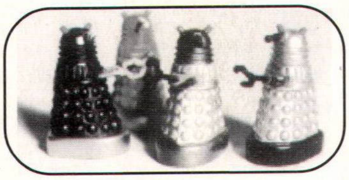






analysis, only the first seemed to miss its target. The latter two, as with the earlier *Earthshock*, proved popular with fans and public alike. Rightly or wrongly, after a few hard SF years, *Doctor Who* was finding fresh success as a mildly violent, tougher-than-it-had-been action series. Clearly, *Attack of the Cybermen*, superficially offering the same thrills, was an opportunity to capitalise on this.

You can't really fault *Attack*'s intentions – and nor, while I'm here, can you fault the location work representing the planet Telos, or the breathless desperation and grim self-loathing conveyed by Cyber-rejects Bates and Stratton in the same scenes. Just behind them (but seeming not quite so real, oddly enough) come Lytton and the lightly comic muscle-head Griffiths. Maurice Colbourne, coming on like a hard-boiled Roger Moore, isn't going to let the part of Lytton test his acting abilities – but Colbourne could read a 'knock, knock' joke and still retain his dignity.

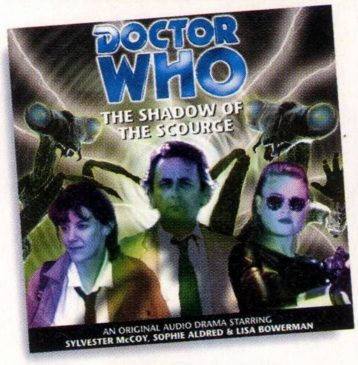
Attack succeeds in other ways. Splitting the Cybermen into distinct groups, director Matthew Robinson convincingly swells small numbers into sizeable armies – and although his Cybermen aren't indestructible, at least the script isn't so lazy as to pin their defeat on an aversion to gold.

But the truth about *Attack of the Cybermen* is that it's a lumbering thing, a story told in the absence of any original thought. Two previous stories – *The Tenth Planet* and *The Tomb of the Cybermen* – are reheated and reshaped into a tenuous third. Ultimately, *Attack*'s plus points are overturned by the sheer pointlessness of its existence. If *Attack*'s purpose was to explain why, in 1986, Mondas wasn't actually in Earth's solar system, then it would just about have a function, albeit a very small one. But no, *Attack* still has Mondas down for an appearance. This time, it's Earth that's due for destruction – and, so runs the idea, with no Earth to destroy it in 1985, Mondas has safe passage in 1986. Ah, but hadn't an exhausted Mondas originally limped here to siphon off on Earth's energy? What will it do when there's no Earth to drain? Either way, it seems, Mondas is stuffed.

If there's an explanation to smooth out the plot's silliness, it's well-hidden, although admittedly it isn't something that's going to worry anyone other than fans. This is why *Attack* is more likely to please casual viewers who don't care what the Telosian tombs looked like in 1967; for them, the time wasted pointlessly fooling with the TARDIS' chameleon circuit might draw genuine amusement, and certainly reward them with a memorable occurrence. The Mondas/Telos back-story, sounding so tortuous to those who recognise the ground it scrabbles to cover, probably hits new ears as nothing more than throwaway, on-the-spot invention.

No, ultimately it's not fannish continuity which fails *Attack*, nor design, ultra-violence, multi-coloured coats or day-glo leotards. It isn't even the music (which, even though more concerned with jokey motifs than mood, tries hard). What fails *Attack* is its own yawning emptiness. It never seems to go anywhere; where *The Tenth Planet* chose to plug its gaps with a succession of melodramatic fail-safes, *Attack* doesn't disguise its shortcomings nearly so well.

DOCTOR WHO: THE SHADOW OF THE SCOURGE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Finding menace in the shadows, the New Adventures cast strive for happy endings

Earth is an unlucky rock this month, what with just about everyone wanting it destroyed or enslaved. While the Cybermen favour a full-frontal attack, the insectoid Scourge find a foothold in a hotel in Kent . . .

Disproving the adage that they don't write 'em like they used to, Paul Cornell rewinds – or, depending on your perspective, fast-forwards – to the *Doctor Who* of Virgin's *New Adventures*. So let's get up to speed: the Doctor's lost his tank-top, but not his habit of keeping half the story to himself; Ace is halfway between a hard-bitten mercenary and a *Grange Hill* extra; and Bernice Summerfield is 19 books into her reign as the wry and dry alternative to companion totty, a character written to be appreciated for her brain, not her cleavage (although, given that her every utterance is so pre-meditated, she's no more real than silicone breasts). The smirking banter shared by the threesome has a certain diverting rhythm to it which might, from afar, be viewed as cool – just so long as none of us ever actually *meet* anyone who talks like they do.

The Shadow of the Scourge doesn't, however, feel like a *bona fide New Adventure*. Because of the familiar voices of its episodic format and the music and stings of post-production, it's more a straight 50-50 play-off: fluffy paeans to love, life and friends on one side and a rash of old-style crowd-pleasers on the other. The first half packs all the traditional *Doctor Who* theatrics – pentagrams, possession and gravel-voiced aliens issuing richly-worded threats. It's energetic, the emphasis on comedy as much as terror. Part One's cliffhanger would definitely have you back next week, and some of the horror is no-holds-barred David Cronenberg stuff.

The second half's the hippy half; *Doctor Who* as *The Young Ones*' Neil might have it, wrapped in cosy notions. 'Don't be heavy,' it says, 'don't be sad, 'cos being sad, like, lets the monsters in, man!' It's a shame the play doesn't pull back on this a bit. If the Scourge are our own inner demons, it would have been nice to let us consider the metaphor for ourselves. But, too speedy to go in for subtlety, *The Shadow of the Scourge* ends up rather laden and obvious.

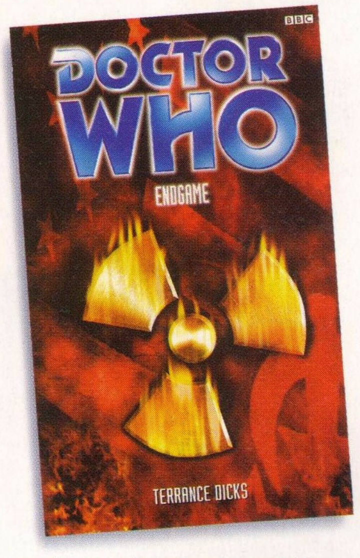
The idea that our human ills and failings are the fault of alien interference has links to Jonathan Blum's *The Fearmonger*. These are new-style monsters, there to let us off the hook. Old-style monsters are different. They don't have anything to do with us (except, occasionally, personifying the odd phobia). They're mean. They come here, rough the place up a bit, and then die horribly. They fulfil the same roles as Claudius in *Hamlet*, JR in *Dallas* and Billy Zane in *Titanic*. Green or orange, tentacled or otherwise – it doesn't matter. They represent the fact that hatred exists, that murder happens, that there is fear and sadness and wrong .

I'm not sure about this new lot. These monsters seem there to excuse wrong; scapegoats to make us feel more secure about ourselves, and take responsibility away from us. Rather than face the idea that we are flawed, that we all have anger, black moods and unkind thoughts, a character can point to a monster and say. 'It was his fault, he made me do it . . . my Scourge made me think it' – which, in a story that sets out to tackle emotional issues, seems rather a cop-out.

Maybe that's the play's biggest problem; its characters all live happily ever after. Such is the brittle promise of fairytales, and it doesn't seem the least bit likely.

Especially in a *New Adventure*.

DOCTOR WHO: ENDGAME



Novel BBC Books Author Terrance Dicks **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0563 53822 8 **Available** Now

On Her Majesty's Secret Service: a dangerous game for the Doctor who came in from the cold

No sooner is *The Turing Test* over than Terrance Dicks is offering another spy thriller involving three real-life figures. Surely after only four Eighth Doctor books, editor Justin Richards' 'fresh start' isn't out of material already?

Not a bit of it. Although similar in theme, the books' viewpoints are very different. *The Turing Test* sought to examine the Doctor through the eyes of

MEET THE STARS FROM THE BBCtv SERIES
DOCTOR WHO
Myth Makers
DAVE MARTIN & BOB BAKER
WRITERS

MYTH MAKERS 49: DAVE MARTIN & BOB BAKER

Reeltime Pictures £12.99

Whatever happened to the Likely Lads? What became of the people *Doctor Who*'s Bristol boys used to be? Well, Bob became a fully paid-up TV bigwig, penning scripts for Wallace and Gromit, while Dave went off to write crime novels before creating – and departing acrimoniously from – the Nick Berry snoozer *Harbour Lights* (only just, therefore, avoiding a pot-and-kettle situation when he savages television's output of the last 15-plus years as "slop").

Bob's pretty much his *Likely Lads* namesake – establishment; Dave's the maverick, more cynical, Terry. Superficially, with eight *Doctor Who* scripts between them, they are, as interviewer Nick Briggs insists, amongst the series' A-list writers. But with their stories either singled out as season cheapies or simply clubbed by flat production, *Doctor Who* history won't recall them like this. As ever, K9's in the way.

This *Myth Makers* hurtles through their scripts hurriedly, preferring to focus on the dog. And what became of the companion he used to be? A CGI show-reel included here has K9 trying for a comeback. Soft-edged, looking like Disney meets *Robot Wars*, it's not hard to understand why he's still waiting for the call . . .

SONTARANS: CONDUCT UNBECOMING

BBV Productions £8.50

Containing all the ranting one might expect of the Sontarans – glory and honour, etc – this BBV drama has a satisfying sting in the tail. 40th century girl Maria, a political animal who's every bit the kick-arse heroine *de rigeur* in modern space drama, carries one half of a secret code in her brain; her spineless President carries the other. The difficulty of extracting the information buys them time as the prisoners of Sontaran Bestok. Maria uses this time wisely, slowly rattling her captor's belief in all things Sontaran. She has chosen well, since Bestok could be elected as the new master template from which all future Sontarans will be cloned.

Writer Gareth Preston plays the strengths of the Sontaran Empire – endless armies, loyalty without question – as weaknesses. For John Wadmore, BBV's regular warrior, it's simply more stomping around a mike with a voice that implies constipation. For once, though, he isn't straining alone. A climax on Sontar itself (inspired, no doubt by *Planet of the Apes*) shows that, although best suited to war councils, Sontarans can be knowledgeable, doddery, librarian types too.

others. Dicks' full-throttle espionage tale hides a more personal voyage of self-discovery, instrumental in confronting the issues of a character condemned to wander through time with neither memory or identity. Dicks gives us a sympathetic Eighth Doctor, bored and frustrated by his own unusualness – a desperation illustrated most effectively in a moment which has the Doctor hunting frantically for a grey hair.

The Doctor's real-time trip through the 20th Century has reached 1951 – when, like the innocent in John Buchan's *The 39 Steps*, he is drawn into the dangerous, hush-hush world of a spy ring. Dicks freely elaborates upon the true-life stories of Guy Burgess, Kim Philby and Donald Maclean, the British double-agents who shopped our secrets to the Russians, making this another entry in the celebrity heavyweight *Doctor Who* contest which BBC books seem to be running at present (who's next? Blair, Clinton and Saddam?). As Paul Leonard did with Turing, Greene and Heller in last month's book, Dicks allows the Doctor to develop through his interaction with the other characters. Here, the Doctor/Philby relationship is the most interesting, Dicks using them as other writers would use the Doctor and Brigadier – to contemplate notions of loyalty and morality. These are ideas just as relevant to Burgess and Maclean, but, though they are ever-present, the characters feel rather like supporting players, there merely to complete a political picture.

The Turing Test's first-person narrative allowed a unique insight into the minds of its protagonists which *Endgame*, with its more traditional viewpoint, can't manage. But detailed psychological profiles aren't the intention here. *Endgame* is more conventional in that Dicks doesn't judge any of the book's contentious characters, instead bringing forward their arguments and letting the reader decide.

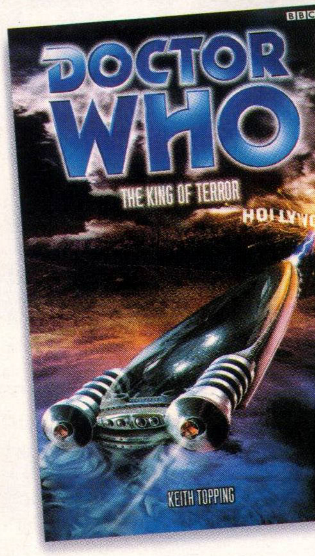
If it starts as a well-judged, Buchan-style game of cat and mouse, *Endgame* winds up in the more elaborate territory of James Bond creator Ian Fleming. The book's at its best when dealing with its characters' scheming and their Communist beliefs, but weakens when a top-secret US Government project is brought to light. With Dicks' own Players, from last year's eponymous novel, in the wings, it all seems a little too predictable.

Perhaps, in matters of intrigue, a *Doctor Who* novel is in a no-win situation; merely being *Doctor Who* is a tip-off that strange things will soon be afoot, but it's probably a mistake for the book and its jacket to so promote the return of the war-gaming Players. While there's mileage in their name being freely used without the amnesiac Doctor showing any recognition, I wonder if the pay-off isn't lessened for the reader.

Though Dicks' has made an impressive stab at writing genuine spy fiction, it's only when reflecting on the novel as a whole that you understand why *Endgame* produces such niggling feelings of familiarity – a Doctor stranded on Earth, his TARDIS confiscated, employed as an adviser to British Intelligence, and defending himself with the odd bit of Aikido . . . Suddenly you see why, via some sly juggling with the past, Dicks seems so at home here.

No doubt it's wrong to find the exploits of Burgess, Philby and Maclean so thrilling; probably more so to have wished *Endgame* to be a kind of new-wave historical, Player-free. The Doctor's total blank gives the author an opportunity to show him in the most unexpected company, re-learning rights and wrongs; for once, he doesn't need nasty aliens to define him.

DOCTOR WHO: THE KING OF TERROR



Novel BBC Books **Author** Keith Topping **Featuring** The Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough **ISBN** 0 563 53802 3 **Available** Now

Tinseltown terrorised with Millennium horrors – but is it last year's news?

It's unlikely you'd find Terrance Dicks titling chapters after pop music. If *Endgame* was a Keith Topping novel, headings such as *Conspiracy*, *Defection* and *Code* would be retitled *Spies Like Us*, *Going Underground* and *Do You Want to Know a Secret?*. But then, *Endgame* could never be a Keith Topping novel because, positioned 50 years in the past, it couldn't include lashings of the pop culture which the author likes to play with.

The King of Terror is baby-boom fiction. Like Topping's co-authored works *The Devil Goblins of Neptune* and *The Hollow Men*, every other page appears to contain some TV, film or musical debt – and for each one spotted, there's probably another missed.

Set in 1999 Hollywood, trivia and name-dropping are at the novel's heart. The interwoven references, both blatant and coded, lend the novel familiarity but slow it down, the reader often being distracted from the story while trying to place a person or quotation. *The King of Terror* is a good enough tale to stand alone – but with all the cross-referencing, what's original in it has to fight to be noticed.

The prologue takes place in 2050, after the novel's events, and sees the Brigadier (now into triple figures!) replay the opening of the Dustin Hoffman film *Little Big Man*. The plot proper pairs the more familiar *Battlefield* Brigadier with the Fifth Doctor, investigating a multi-media company (what else?) and a plan by two warring alien races to conquer the Earth. Unfortunately the book's focus – Millennium fears and Nostradamus' end-of-the-world predictions – does, at present, feel a little burned-out. It's a bit like trying to be frightened by Justin Richards' *Millennium Shock* now, months after we know the world didn't come to a technological standstill on 1 January 2000. Rather than over-egging and re-inventing the Millennium with *Omen*-style prophecies of doom, *The King of Terror* might have been better off by simply being projected further into the near-future.

Not that a re-write would hide the novel's *zeitgeist*; its heart is firmly in the 1970s. It's only the Millennium question which has prevented the author from writing *The Devil Goblins of Neptune* all over again, so similar in tone and structure are the two novels. Youth terrorist group The Sons of Nostradamus are black magic hippies, and UNIT's sexist tough guys, Barrington and Paynter, are *The Professionals*' Bodie and Doyle are wheeled on and off to bang on about birds and booze. Again, *The King of Terror* feels pipped to the post, this summer's *Heart of TARDIS* having already offered the same gag. The novels also share the same comic-book approach which, especially with the Brigadier's character, can cross the line into cartoon. Okay, so I laughed at some clear *double entendres* in the Brigadier's orders, but they have more to do with actor Nick Courtney's convention appearances than the TV character.

Though all this may sound damning, I come not to bury *The King of Terror* – because, against expectations, it soon becomes extremely engrossing. The change comes when Topping's prose calms down and stops trying to impress. The exhausting denseness of the opening chapters soon gives way, the book becoming an alien shocker that's the most pacy 'past Doctor' adventure since Mark Morris' *Deep Blue*. Like Morris' book, its saving grace is that it unapologetically revels in its monsters. On one level, *The King of Terror* may appear little more than a collection of other people's greatest hits – but on another, it is hugely enjoyable. DWM

***The King of Terror* is baby-boom fiction, every other page hiding some debt to pop music, film or television**

DOCTOR WHO

BBC

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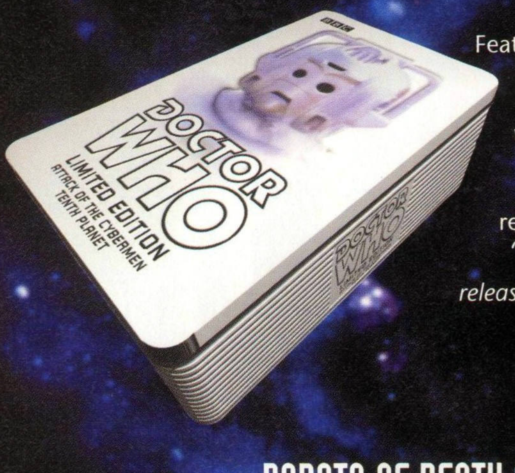
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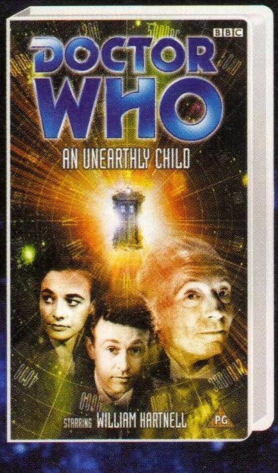
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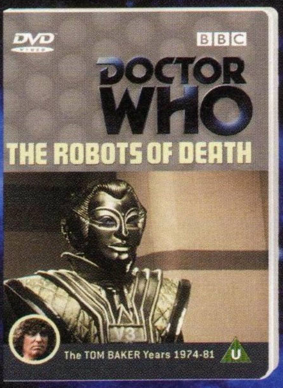
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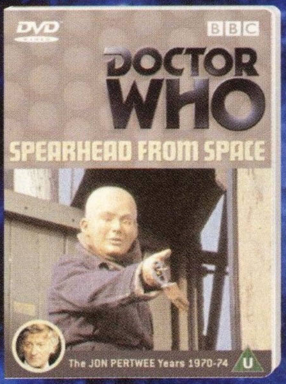
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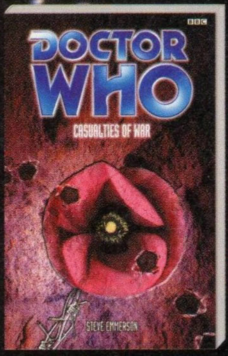
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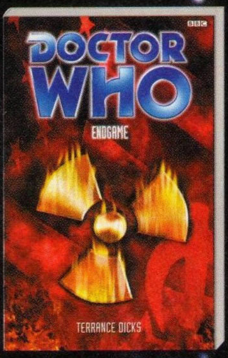
STEVE EMMERSON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ENDGAME
TERRANCE DICKS

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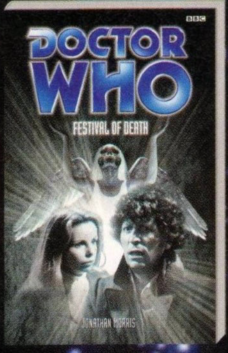
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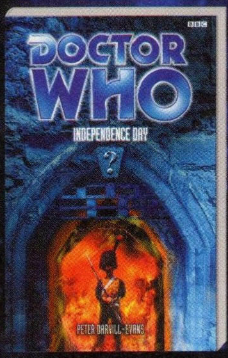
JONATHAN MORRIS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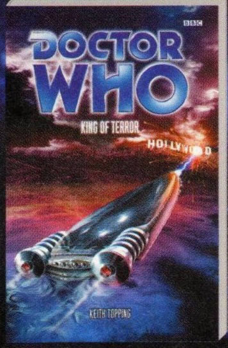
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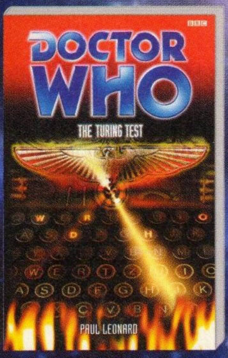
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DWMAG

Everything I ever needed to know about life I learned from (the second half of) the Tom Baker era

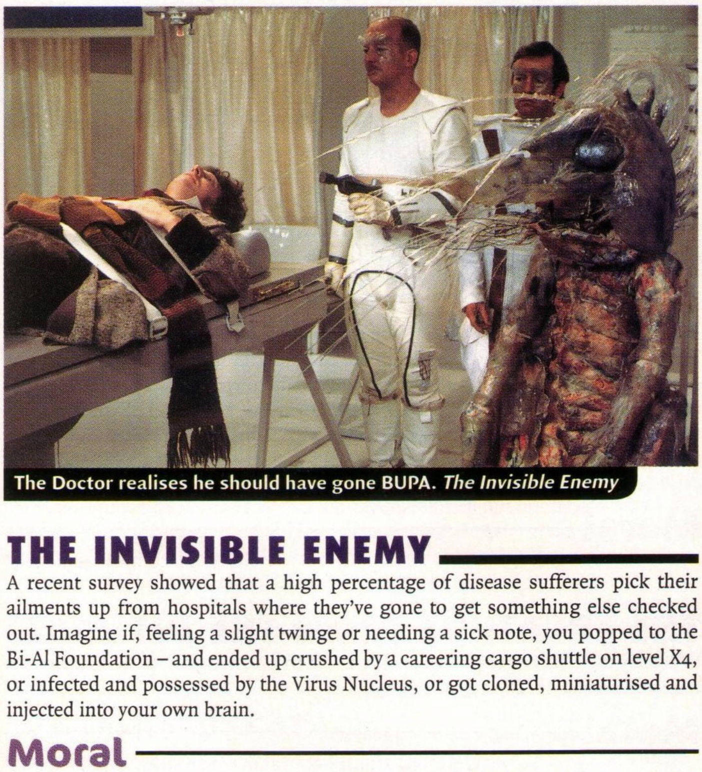
Life, they say, is but a sad vale of tears. Well, it needn't be – not if you heed the advice lurking just beneath the surface of *Doctor Who*. That's what Gareth Roberts thinks, at least. He is, very probably, mad.

HORROR OF FANG ROCK

In every other story when a human gets taken over or copied by an alien, the Doctor is jumping up and down, trying to get the foolish humans in that week's base/cottage/branch-of-HMV under siege to heed his warnings ("Listen! You have to stop thinking of that creature as Tasmin from Soul and Dance!" etc). In this, he's so preoccupied with his entry for *Blue Peter*'s 'Measure-a-Monster' competition (prize: tea with Dr Who) he just lets the green-glowing not-Reuben walk right back in the lighthouse.

Moral

Even geniuses have off-days



The Doctor realises he should have gone BUPA. *The Invisible Enemy*

THE INVISIBLE ENEMY

A recent survey showed that a high percentage of disease sufferers pick their ailments up from hospitals where they've gone to get something else checked out. Imagine if, feeling a slight twinge or needing a sick note, you popped to the Bi-Al Foundation – and ended up crushed by a careering cargo shuttle on level X4, or infected and possessed by the Virus Nucleus, or got cloned, miniaturised and injected into your own brain.

Moral

Is your trip to the GP *really* necessary?

IMAGE OF THE FENDAHL

Granny Tyler knew there was something wrong up at old Fetch Priory when them scientists moved in. I mean, imagine you got a new job and your colleagues were called Dr Fendelman, Max Stael, Thea Ransome and Adam Colby. Why don't they just call themselves 'Professor Crazy', 'Adolf Evil', 'Wendy Doomed' and 'Johnny Squarejaw' and have done with it?

Moral

Beware people with made-up sounding names

THE SUNMAKERS

In enormous cities, a corrupt régime rules over a drugged population. People are wearing very silly hats. Walls might fall over if you blow on them. Vila appears.

Moral

When everything around you starts to look a bit like *Blake's 7*, you know you're in trouble

UNDERWORLD

A race of exhausted, single-minded zealots are seeking something they'll never find. If they get tired, they simply regenerate themselves and do the whole thing over again. If they get angry or question their mission, a dose of instant pacification brings them to heel. But they believe themselves to be absolutely justified and to be having a good time. It's a sordid, empty existence.

Moral

Don't got to Ibiza next year

"Don't worry, it'll fill up when the bars close": largin' it in *Underworld*

THE INVASION OF TIME

It's a good job the rules of the Time Lords' electoral college are so eccentric as to let the Doctor take over as President on a technicality. Can you imagine he and Borusa slogging it out in an election campaign? Think of the poor 'don't-knows': 'Well, I agree with the Doctor's lead decoration policy, but I'm not overkeen on his letting-the-Sontarans-take-over-the-planet policy'; 'Borusa makes some good points about keeping the Matrix sacrosanct, but can I *really* trust someone who's prepared to reawaken an ancient evil to grasp the secret of immortality?'

Moral

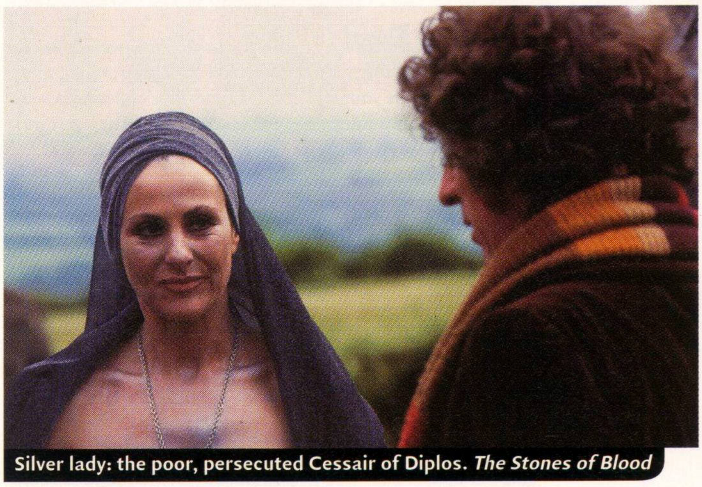
Be grateful for democracy

THE RIBOS OPERATION

Binro the Heretic was cast out by the Council of Ribos for daring to suggest that the lights in the sky were suns, not ice crystals. Where Binro went wrong was to neglect his personal hygiene. No wonder people kept backing away – it had rather less to do with his schismatic cosmology, far more to do with his halitosis.

Moral

If you're trying to overthrow the ingrained belief system of an entire planet, wash first



Silver lady: the poor, persecuted Cessair of Diplos. *The Stones of Blood*

THE PIRATE PLANET

Waking up after being knocked on the head, the Doctor often thinks momentarily he's in a previous season. Here, he starts muttering to Leela; in *The Seeds of Death*, he mumbled to Victoria; by the time of *The Trial of a Time Lord*, he'll be jumping back nine years and calling out for Sarah Jane. This is the galactic equivalent of the old US soap standby, 'muttering the name of your former lover in bed'.

Moral

We hear the secrets that you keep, when you're talking in your sleep

THE STONES OF BLOOD

Poor Vivien Fay! Never was there a more innocent *Doctor Who* villain. All Cessair of Diplos wants is to live in a Cornish village, occasionally dressing up in a fright wig and feathers while eating cakes with no lemon juice in them, and play with her pet stones. That's it. As a plan for galactic domination, it's pretty small scale. Then the Doctor arrives. He assumes that anyone who is silver must be evil, and proceeds to blow apart Vivien's louche lifestyle rather unfairly, exposing her forgotten past and real identity like a rather nasty tabloid journalist.

Moral

If you're going to persecute someone, make sure they actually deserve it

THE ANDROIDS OF TARA

"Dear Deirdre. I'm a professional Surgeon-Engineer on a Ruritanian paradise planet. My boss is a saturnine, goatee-bearded regicide. It just doesn't matter if we're busy building android doubles of kidnapped princesses, hijacking the rightful monarchy or planning to ambush the true King's men in summerhouses, his every snarled aside and withering put-down brightens my day. What can I do to make him love me? What can I do to make him care? Yours, Madame L (34)."

Moral

Love hurts

THE POWER OF KROLL

It's a woefully unsung fact that this is the only *Doctor Who* story based around farts. The farts of Kroll, magnified in their size and potency by the fifth segment of the Key to Time, are enough to power much of the heavily industrialised planet Delta Magna. In fact, *The Farts of Kroll* would have been a far more appropriate and intriguing title for this under-rated tale of gun-running, colonialism and farts.

Moral

Titles should be accurate

THE ARMAGEDDON FACTOR

Watching this story, you can imagine exactly what was being said in the *Doctor Who* production office a few months earlier: 'Hey! The ending to the Key to Time story can only ever be an anti-climax – so why don't we set out to *deliberately* make it an anti-climax, thus ensuring it will actually be an *incredible* climax?' Oops.

Moral

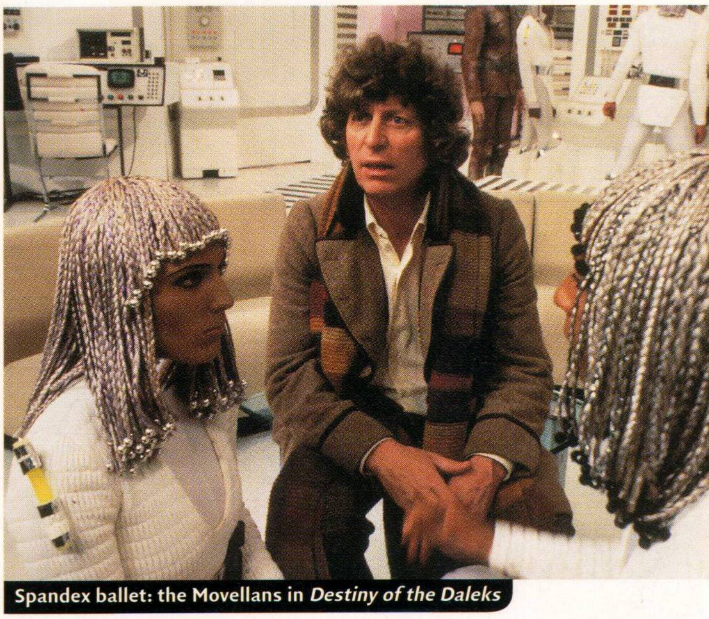
Endings are important. Plan for them

DESTINY OF THE DALEKS

The most shocking revelation in this story is that the Movellans are themselves an incredibly sophisticated robotic race. Which means that they were originally created by an organic race. Which means that, somewhere in the reaches of the universe, there is/was a race of beings whose preferred aesthetic when designing robots was the late 1970s disco boom: 'Yes, *Automatic Lover* stretch leggings are a must! Sheila B Devotion silver dreads and a *Dance Yourself Dizzy* deactivation programme? Lovely.'

Moral

Beware the people behind the products



Spandex ballet: the Movellans in *Destiny of the Daleks*

CITY OF DEATH

The Doctor has fitted the Randomiser to the TARDIS to avoid detection by the Black Guardian. It is designed to take the TARDIS to ever more random and far-flung locations in order to throw the Guardian off his trail. Now, if you were the Guardian, where would you think of looking for the Doctor? Skaro and 20th century Earth. Where does the Randomiser take the Doctor? Skaro and 20th century Earth.

Moral

Check all gadgets regularly

THE CREATURE FROM THE PIT

In which the Doctor solves the problems of the planet Chloris by kissing the monster instead of running away from it.

Moral

Some apparently aggressive and off-putting people are just in need of a snog

NIGHTMARE OF EDEN

Tryst, Della and Stott travelled the galaxy aboard the *Volante*, scooping up specimens for the CET Machine. It's a good job they only visited planets with names that could be fit on the dial of the CET Machine itself – such as Eden, Vrij and, most terrifying of all, Brus. *The Nightmare of Brus*, in which a big-chinned ex-*Generation Game* host and his dolly dealers wandered the unstable matter interfaces, would have been even more scary than the Mandrels.

Moral

Design is important

A hard day's night: Tegan, Nyssa, Adric and the Doctor, shortly before breakfast on 1 March 1981. *Logopolis*

THE HORNS OF NIMON

The Nimons have the power to jump through time and space through black holes, and suck the binding energy from entire worlds. But they also possess the power most approved of by any BBC designer – the ability and the desire to rearrange corridors at will.

Moral

Make yourself popular with your peers

THE LEISURE HIVE

In which the Doctor and Romana decide to abandon a wet, washed-out Brighton beach for a fun-packed holiday on Argolis . . . where you can pay a fortune to watch someone doing the hokey-cokey, the splits and the mashed potato too, with all their limbs flying about. The story is all about Argolis losing its success. How was it *ever* a success?

Moral

That educational holiday may sound like an ideal change of pace, but you're bound to be bored rigid

MEGLOS

"I'll explain later" has become reknowned as the method by which the Doctor deflects questions about his unlikely plots and plans. His doppelganger, Meglos, has an even better one: "It is beyond your comprehension." In fact, all this means is that he can't be bothered to explain. "How are you going to steal the Doedecahedron?" "I shall shrink it!", perhaps? No: "It is beyond your comprehension!" "How did you survive all these years in a desert?" "I turned myself into a cactus!", maybe? No: "It is beyond your comprehension!" He should have got himself a better catchphrase – one like, "It's the way I tell 'em!" Or, "Just like that!" Or, "Does my wave-form look big in this?"

Moral

If you don't know, just *say* you don't know

FULL CIRCLE

The Starliner crashed on Alzarius centuries after leaving Terradon, presumably an Earth colony. The Marshmen destroyed the original crew and evolved to take their place. It's a stunning concept, and an illustration of the amazing capacity of the environment to alter and adapt. But the Marshmen did not destroy all of the System Files, allowing the Deciders to understand their heritage. And how wonderful that the System Files of this advanced race were not stored on computers but on WH Smith A4 Lever-Arch Binders.

Moral

Some things never evolve

STATE OF DECAY

In which the denizens of a mediaeval planet where the gene pool has been deliberately stagnated rejoice at the arrival of – Adric, whose virility and spirit can apparently reactivate a dormant terror that could threaten the life force of the universe. What *is* Adric hiding? Queen Camilla seems very keen on it . . .

Moral

Don't write someone off – they may have a hidden talent

WARRIORS' GATE

"Do nothing," Biroc tells the Doctor and Romana. And indeed, by doing nothing they allow Rorvik to back-blast the Tharils safely into E-Space.

Moral

Everyone should have a day off now and again

THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN

The Master was lucky that Tremas, someone with an anagram of his own name, was the one to investigate his grandfather-clock TARDIS at the moment of his regeneration – how much more satisfying than if it had been Nyssa, or Luvic, or some other Traken person! Or did he deliberately scour the space phone book to find a planet which [a] supplied incredible amounts of bio-energy and [b] was home to someone whose name was an anagram of 'Master', like an evil intergalactic version of Richard *Countdown* Whiteley?

Moral

You can be too vain

LOGOPOLIS

The tale of a punctured tyre and a punctured universe. What must Tegan's diary for 28 Feb 1981 have read? "Got up, really keen to get on my first flight. Bit nervous. Aunt Vanessa's car sprung a leak – rabbits! Wandered into a Police Box that turned out to be an infinitely capacious but erratic time-space craft run by a moody middle-aged man called the Doctor and his young friend Adric. (They're both aliens, by the way, and Adric's from another universe.) Anyway, it turns out Aunt Vanessa was shrunk dead by the Doctor's old enemy the Master, who now looks like Adric's friend Nyssa's dad from the planet Traken. Anyway, we went to Logopolis so the Doctor could make the TARDIS look less like a phone box, but the Master came too and tried to shrink the Doctor. Then we found out the universe was going to be destroyed – rabbits! Had lunch. Then me and the Doctor went back to Earth with the Master, while Adric and Nyssa got taken out of time and space altogether by an ethereal projection of the Doctor's future self. Anyway, back on Earth the Master tried to blackmail the universe using a Sony Walkman. He failed but managed to topple the Doctor from the top of a radio telescope – which looked just like the one on Logopolis, did I mention that? – and so the Doctor changed his entire personality and appearance!"

Moral

Some days just don't turn out the way you expect by **The Watcher**

It's the end, but ...

Overcome by a voracious appetite for overdressed theatrics in a clay-pit (an appetite which not even Season 10 of *Doctor Who* could satisfy), I've recently been rewatching some of my old *Blake's 7* tapes. Even if you're not a mad-keen enthusiast, I daresay you have a passing acquaintance with the interplanetary peregrinations of the *Liberator* – for if ever *Doctor Who* could be said to have spawned a sister show, *Blake's 7* was it. Created by Terry Nation, script-edited by Chris Boucher and produced for three of its four seasons by David Maloney, it could scarcely help but be so. The theme was by Dudley Simpson, there were scripts by Robert Holmes, and the show was overrun by *Doctor Who* directors (Michael Briant, Douglas Camfield, Pennant Roberts), actors (Colin Baker, Richard Franklin, John Leeson, Richard Hurndall), props and costumes (Omega's breastplate, Pletrac's cloak, even a cannibalised Sea Devil in one episode) and absolutely loads of characters called Tarrant.

Unlike *Doctor Who, Blake's 7* could never be both 'camp' and 'serious'

Had it not been for the intervention of BBC drama bosses, the cross-pollination of resources between the two shows might have gone even further. It's been rumoured that there was talk of having the Daleks in one episode of *Blake's 7*, and actor Gareth Thomas has recalled that he and Tom Baker, who would regularly socialise in the hostelries of Shepherd's Bush, were both desperately keen for the Doctor to bump into Blake in one show or the other: just a quick, parenthetic 'Morning, Doctor!', 'Morning, Roj!', as they breezed past, both too busy saving their respective universes to stop for small-talk. It's a classic 1970s BBC wheeze – self-referential, slightly self-indulgent, and tipping the wink to audiences who (with some justification in those days) perceived Television Centre as a sort of nationalised madhouse where at a moment's notice the Two Ronnies might take over the newsroom, or the Goodies might storm the set of *I, Claudius*. Needless to say, the producers of both *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7* vetoed the idea, but I think it would have been rather fun.

Nevertheless, the basic facts remain incontrovertible: *Doctor Who* was a success, and *Blake's 7*, in the final analysis, was a failure. There are failures and failures of course, and a show which ran for four years to audiences of ten million can't have been that much of a disaster. But *Doctor Who* lasted 26 years on television and is still going strong in print and on audio. So what's the difference?

In its early days *Blake's 7* was regarded by some as an 'adult' sci-fi show, an alternative to *Doctor Who* at a time when the latter was considered by many to be gravitating in a more childish direction. Viewed today, the very first episode of *Blake's 7* comes across rather like a one-off *Play For Today* with sci-fi trappings, a minatory parable about Orwellian totalitarianism. In the character of Blake it establishes one of the show's central and most challenging concepts – the troubled question of what distinguishes a freedom fighter from a terrorist – and it contains some of the most deeply disturbing ideas ever raised by the series, including the implantation of fabricated memories of sexual abuse in the minds of three children, just so that the state can discredit a political opponent with the most vile of trumped-up charges. This is not Saturday teatime stuff.

And therein lies the problem. The universe inhabited by Blake and his companions is so relentlessly pessimistic, and is the scene of such horrific atrocities, that it becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile such a backdrop with the inevitable cosiness of an ongoing adventure series. It's the same problem that's often been observed with regard to the first episode of *Time-Flight*: it's all very well ending last week's story on a fabulously unprecedented shock, but never forget, however grim the experience, that your regular characters will somehow have to 're-set' in time for next week. If the shocks are too great, it's going to start looking silly. There are episodes of *Blake's 7* which end, like *Scooby Doo*, with the crew laughing at one of Avon's quips or one of Vila's hilarious misapprehensions. Of course, people do laugh in the face of adversity – but the heroes of *Blake's 7* are people whose parents have been butchered, whose wives have been raped, whose lovers have betrayed them to the forces of an intergalactic police state. There's only so much thigh-slapping jollity that can ring true under such circumstances.

Over its four years, *Blake's 7* would struggle to maintain its unremitting bleakness. The series killed off more lead characters than *Doctor Who* ever could, and in the wake of its first major death it devoted an entire episode to Blake's feelings of guilt and remorse. Ultimately, of course, it killed the lot of them, but the proliferation of theories about how the characters might have survived (the Federation guns were set on stun, Avon shot his way out single-handedly, Blake was just the clone from that episode in the second year – all that kind of stuff) merely serves to demonstrate how unpalatable the show's attempted grimness was even to its most enthusiastic followers. If they're not dead, then that last scene simply means nothing at all. Of course they're dead. And what a great ending it is.

Unlike *Doctor Who*, *Blake's 7* found it increasingly difficult to straddle the opposing forces of 'camp' and 'serious'. It's perfectly possible to be both camp and serious, but *Blake's 7* was supposed to be about the banality of evil, the sickening underbelly of wickedness that drives a corrupt society. Jacqueline Pearce's magnificent Servalan, whose lip-smacking relish and outlandish cocktail dresses made her its most enduring icon, was perfectly delicious – but in truth she was far, far too enjoyable to represent the kind of evil that *Blake's 7* had originally set out to examine. Inevitably, the show stopped being about ideas, and became about the cult of its own characters. By its third season, their personal histories, love-lives and emotional traumas were running the storylines. And when the back-stories become more important than the story-stories, that's when the clock starts ticking.

One only has to flip through a handful of episodes to realise that *Blake's 7* was at its brilliant best not when gazing at its own navel, but when it was being squarely, unashamedly entertaining.

And that's something *Doctor Who* would do well to remember. **DWM**

The Final Test

Einstein – or Urak? As usual, there are no prizes – it's just for fun. Answers next issue.

What connects:

1 Crewmaster Colville, Egard Lumb and Technician Oban?

2 Ranquin [pictured], Lytton and the Drashigs?

3 Eldrad's remains, a prehistoric wood, the Great Intelligence and Revolutionary France?

4 Gabriel Chase, Olvir's teacher, Cook's travels and Brown's forename?

5 Frobisher, the Kandyman, Sir Robert Muir and Takis?

6 Fictional servitors, Cheng-Ting, a universal force for good and a mariners' superstition?

Answers from last issue

1 The actors who played them (Stephen Dartnell, Kevin Lindsay, Michael Wisher, Terry Molloy, Marek Anton) all appeared in other roles in the same season.

2 The locations for all four were shot in Wales (as were *The Green Death* and *Delta and the Bannermen*).

3 Each is a 'Warrior' (Time, Ice, Raston and Wrarth – the latter in venerable **DWM** strip *The Star Beast*).

4 They are the only two occasions when a pair of consecutive stories feature no credited cast members in common.

5 The last episode of each features at least one Dalek.

6 They are the only parts of the Pertwee era not novelised by Terrance Dicks (Robert Holmes wrote the prologue of *The Time Warrior* before relinquishing the book to Dicks).

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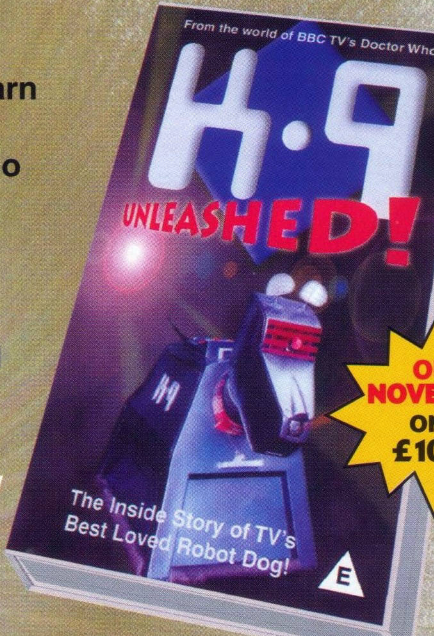
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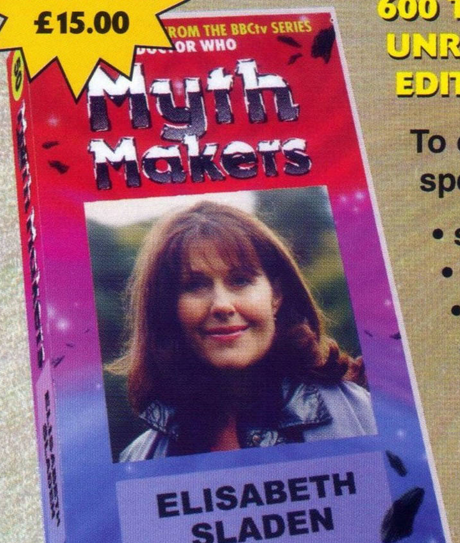
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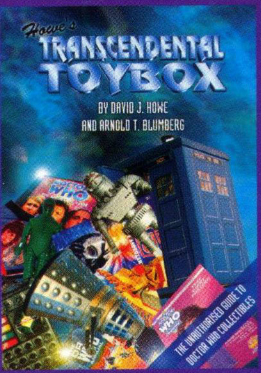
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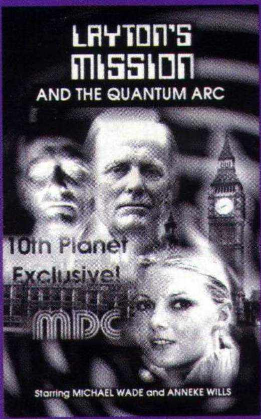
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UPDATE INVASION 2001 UPDATE

Due to work commitments **Wendy Padbury** has now been replaced by **Fraser Hines**.
And just added to our confirmed guest list is 5th Doctor **Peter Davison**.
Further guests to be announced in December, subject to work commitments.

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